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# RECORD GUIDE

JULY 1960



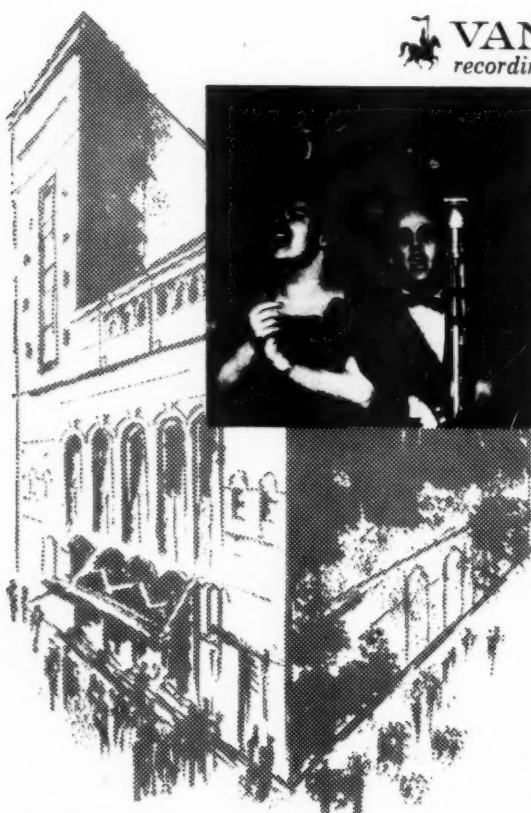
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# The American Record Guide

Incorporating  THE AMERICAN TAPE GUIDE

for JULY, 1960  
Volume 26, Number 11

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## ON THE COVER:

The American-born pianist Julius Katchen, several of whose recent concerto recordings on the London label are reviewed by A. K. and C. J. L. in this issue.

"Gustav Mahler is to me the personification of the highest conceivable ideals, artistic and human. To have known him is one of those rare things that make life seem nobler and more worth living. His nature was a unique combination: a musical genius in the true sense of the word, an intellect capable of dealing with the highest problems of philosophy, an indomitable will, an absolute sincerity of purpose, and the kindness and simplicity of a child. As a composer, Mahler proudly and independently followed his own individual path, undisturbed by the demands of fashion and success. But the world is now beginning to realize his true significance, and the coming generations will do so more and more."

—OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH  
New York, 1916

## Gustav Mahler

JULY 7, 1860—MAY 18, 1911

Sculpture by Rodin





# Reiner's *Lied von der Erde*

By JACK DIETHER

THE LAST works of Mahler are no longer a problem either to American orchestras or audiences. Only a few months ago we had a splendid recording of the Tenth Symphony from Cleveland; now, a no less excellent version of *Das Lied von der Erde* from Chicago. And this is but the first of at least three recordings of the "symphony for voices and orchestra" which we may expect this year, each with its own special interest. From England we will have, under Kletzki, the first recording using the optional baritone part in place of the contralto, rendered by no less than Fischer-Dieskau. And, again from the U. S., we will have the third return to *Das Lied* by Bruno Walter, presented at last, we may hope, in sound fully worthy of his interpretation. When it is all in the catalogues, those who so admired Walter's recent collaborations with Maureen Forrester and Richard Lewis in this work may be shocked or confused to find them on someone else's recording, and different singers on his. But contractually that is the way it sometimes goes in this business, so let us see what we have.

Let me say first that in comparing this stereo sound with the mono sound of the earlier versions, I am even more forcibly

struck than I was in reviewing the recent stereo recording by Vox how much this work benefits by the newer process. In the concert hall, provided the acoustics are adequate, Mahler's sharp, spare orchestration never sounds thin, as it does under poor reproduction. Here it acquires a natural richness and substance by which Mahler's very economy of means comes to glowing life as it should, and to a degree that never can be achieved in music of Straussian lushness, for instance. I mean economy in the artistic and not the financial sense, of course; the orchestra Mahler requires for *The Song of the Earth* is about as large as that required by Strauss in most of his bigger works, but his manner of employing it is as totally alien as two contemporaneous composers who knew each other well can be imagined to become. As an arresting example, a distinctive three-part chord, which Strauss diligently scored for divided strings in eleven parts (in *Tod und Verklärung*), became more luminous when Mahler later gave it to two solitary flutes surrounded by first and second violins in octaves (*Adagio*, Symphony No. 4)! This is, to be sure, an earlier and relatively rare instance of the sort of thing that, by the time Mahler reached *Das Lied*, is to be found on virtually every page. I think it is Mahler's instinctive and uniquely delicate feeling for sympathetic vibrations, and their relation to specific tone-color, that is most diluted by monophony, and this feeling I have is fortified with each successive stereo release of the present caliber. If it is true that the orchestral or vocal-orchestral sound is *basic* to Mahler's creative thinking, as we are often told, and not a mere secondary adjunct, it would seem to follow that the resonant quality of reproduction, prominently including the three-dimensional

**MAHLER:** *Das Lied von der Erde*;

**HAYDN:** *Symphony No. 88 in G*; Maureen Forrester (contralto), Richard Lewis (tenor), Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Fritz Reiner. RCA-Victor set LM-6087, \$9.96, or Stereo set LSC-6087, four sides each, \$11.96.

(Mahler)

Cavelti, Dermota, Klemperer.....Vox Box 115  
Ferrier, Patzak, Walter.....London 4212  
Merriman, Häfliger, Van Beinum.....Epic 6023  
Hoffman, Melchert, Rosbaud.....Vox 10910, ⑤10912  
(Haydn)  
Furtwängler, Berlin Phil.....Decca 9767  
Scherchen, Vienna State.....West. 18616  
Szell, Cleveland Orch.....Epic 3196  
Münchinger, Vienna Phil.....London 9130

quality, is just as basic to its proper recreation. And is it not conceivable that if future listeners become more sensitive to this, the difference will be as important to them as the difference between an orchestral original and a piano transcription is to us?

In *The Drinking Song of Earthly Woe*, the opening movement of *Das Lied*, consider the 58-bar interlude that precedes the line "The sky is eternally blue" ("*Das Firmament blaut ewig*"). Try to imagine how any composer in history might have done that, and I don't think you will come remotely near to what Mahler did. The music expresses a really limitless infinitude, not "objectively" (as if that were possible), but as achingly sensed by the limited mind of man; we feel it as in the agonized awakening of Zampano at the end of that incomparable film, *La Strada*. Each sound that vibrates in this void seems to penetrate our consciousness as utterly new: the peremptory plucking sound, the muted trumpet and tongued flutes, the upstretching violins, the clarinet, *cor anglais*, etc., are not, subjectively, of the orchestra that we know, but by the peculiar alchemy of imagination, of something strange, yet oddly more tangible and pervading. It is the same alchemy by which the palette of a painter of great imagination far transcends the very spectrum by which he is physically "bounded".

Fritz Reiner, purveyor of the richly sensuous in modern music, transmits these sounds very appealingly. His phrasing and accentuations are clear, and while he may not chart a staggered course with quite the unerring faculty of Rosbaud, in a sustained passage like the elegiac dirge in *The Farewell* he is unsurpassed. His performance is just half a minute short of Rosbaud's spacious 63-minute one—at the opposite pole from Klemperer's very cramped 52. And even where their tempi are broadest, Reiner and Rosbaud are without the occasional heaviness of gesture that occurs in Walter.

Richard Lewis has far the most pleasant tenor voice we have heard in *The Drinking Song* since Dermota, especially for recording purposes, where he need never strain to be heard. But for all his endowment,

he does relatively little to interpret the song, being rather too self-contained for its heedless impetuosity. Frankly I would prefer the greater abandonment of Patzak or Melchert, even when they occasionally abandon the written meter, slur a syllable, or produce an ugly sound. (But note Melchert's superbly defiant gesture of a silent snap between the syllables of "*morschen*"—"rotten"—which is as written.) Perhaps after all Lewis *would* have fitted into Walter's beautifully detailed but slightly more phlegmatic approach better than Reiner's, as far as this movement is concerned. But *Of Youth*, with its narrative detachment, is made for Lewis, and so is the bird colloquy in *The Drunken One in Spring*. Melchert still has more personality here, and interpretatively I still prefer his colloquy to any I have heard; elsewhere his little vocal snags are less tolerable than in the first number. Häfliger, somewhere in the middle of all this in the Van Beinum version, will be considered again when he reappears under Walter.

If the tenors present a variety of problems, so do the contraltos. But now we have one at last whose tone is, to begin with, so splendid, so effortlessly flexible and controlled at every dynamic level, that the interpretative problems seem to diminish to the vanishing point. With Maureen Forrester, it all seems so natural and flowing that a newcomer to this music might scarcely imagine it was ever done any other way. But many who came to know it through Kathleen Ferrier's recording felt the same way about that, and there are actually many differences. The most important of them, however, are that Forrester does not purposely put *in* expression in those passages explicitly marked to be sung *without* it, and that she follows the dynamic markings very carefully right to the end. So in fact the only significant criticism that could be made of Ferrier was the criticism of those who (1) knew the score well, and (2) knew that she could do it better. Forrester's special identification seems to me complete, and while I still envision a greater tonal contrast between Mahler's "*molto espressivo*" and "*senza espressivo*", for her voice this

is right. This almost stoic self-effacement is immeasurably preferable to the unceasing self-assertion of a Merriman (at too loud a level almost throughout *Der Abschied*), and the Forrester voice *per se* can move us profoundly, just as Rehkemper's could in the *Kindertotenlieder*. The aura of eastern fatalism is partially dispelled only in the song *Of Beauty*, whose sensuous appeal was never more breath-taking than in this collaboration. A more blazing tenor would have provided a better foil to Forrester, but there it is. Finally, there is in stereo a more harmonious blending of the orchestra with the singers in its midst than we have become accustomed to with one channel.

Haydn's 88th sounds gorgeous in its first stereo presentation also, and the over-worn echo effect in the *Menuetto* actually recovers much of its freshness, with just enough directionality there to make it

witty without being obvious. I enjoyed even more some busy viola comments in the first movement, like a sarcastically whispered "aside". Reiner, like Szell, gives the full measure of the high-spirited *Allegros*. But only Scherchen makes the second movement not an *Andante* but a true *Largo*, as indicated—so perhaps anyone who doesn't like this should blame Haydn and not Scherchen, who takes a full ten minutes with it to Reiner's 6½. However hard it may be for some at this stage of familiarity to get excited over the dramatic entries of Haydn's trumpets and drums within the *Largo* after their careful exclusion from his first *Allegro*, it is worse to gloss the whole thing over. As C. G. Burke well says, even if the solemnity is not to be taken seriously, "the conductor ought not to show that he knows it." Scherchen further balances this full solemnity with a livelier *Menuetto*.

## Ludwig's Mahler Ninth

**THIS IS** technically a fine recording. If one can accept Leopold Ludwig's first two movements, as I cannot, a great deal of pleasure should be had from this set, so let us consider the questions involved in those movements. The 25-minute opening movement will probably be the most controversial of the four. Ludwig seems to feel it as an impressionistic piece. The bold, clashing textures are softened and diffused, the biting accents flattened. Now it is true that this movement is set in a dreamy, nostalgic framework (*Andante comodo*), in which seeming realities are constantly disintegrating before our eyes, or ears. But the brink on which it hovers is the brink between nostalgic dream and vivid nightmare; and while a nightmare too may pass into nothing as swiftly as forked lightning, in presence it is a terrible reality

—nay, a super-reality. To portray it all on one plane of unreality is to reduce its cosmic proportions into a microcosm.


This is the music which inspired the most expressionistic early experiments of Berg and Webern, and not even "*Wozzeck*" conjures up more terrifying visions than do, in particular, the three *Allegro* episodes (pp. 25-31, *Allegro risoluto*; pp. 33-36, *Appassionato*; and pp. 41-48, *Quasi allegro*) which punctuate Mahler's long development section. In fact, what many modern writers on musical esthetics tend to overlook is that Mahler's tenacious hold on tonality throughout his most dissonantly chromatic wanderings may actually be more expressionist (in the plain dictionary sense of searching out the roots of our subjective emotions) than anything so far produced by the voluntary and deliberate disavowal of tonality (*i.e.*, on the conscious, rational level) by his musical "descendants"! I believe that more attention should and will be given to this as we begin to see it more in per-

**MAHLER:** *Symphony No. 9*; London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Leopold Ludwig. Everest set LPBR-6050 or ©SDBR-3050, four sides each, \$9.96. Horenstein, Vienna Symphony.....Vox Box 116 Kletzki, Israel Philharmonic.....Angel 3526

(Continued on page 901)

# First fruits of the Hugo Wolf centennial year

WITH THE Hugo Wolf centennial there will undoubtedly be an effort to fill the gaps in his discography, at least as regards the six great sets of lieder on which his fame rests. For this, of course, one must be profoundly grateful, though at the same time one can hardly hail this completeness as an unmixed blessing. Of all composers (and I am inclined to let this statement stand without restricting it to composers of vocal music) Wolf is the one who can be sub-

**WOLF:** *Spanisches Liederbuch*—Wunden trägst du, mein Geliebter; Die Ihr schwebet um diese Palmen; Die du Gott gebarst, du Reine; Ach, des Knaben Augen; Ach, wie lang die Seele schlummert; Mühevoll komm' ich und beladen; Nun bin ich dein; Herr, was trägt der Boden hier; Bedeckt mich mit Blumen; Komm, o Tod; In dem Schatten meiner Locken; Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh; Geh', Geliebter, geh' jetzt; Sie blasen zum Abmarsch; Wer sein holdes Lieb verloren; Sagt, seid Ihr es; Treibe nur mit Lieben Spott; Mögen alle bösen Zungen; Irmgard Seefried (soprano); Eberhard Waechter (baritone); Erik Werba (piano). Deutsche Grammophon LPM-18591, \$5.98, or Stereo SLPM-138059, \$6.98 (Import). 



By PHILIP L. MILLER

Other outstanding Hugo Wolf centennial releases are reviewed by Herbert Glass on page 876 and by Gustl Breuer on page 925.

mitted least happily to insensitive performers—and this means two interpreters, the one at the piano quite as much as the singer. For even the greatest artist to study and memorize for recording all the Goethe songs, or all the Mörike is not necessarily a service to Wolf. Aside from the matter of suitability—there are men's songs and women's songs, bass songs and soprano songs—Wolf never wrote an easy page. To sing the simplest and most familiar of his lieder requires the most thorough comprehension of the whole, the most careful attention to detail. To master the more complex may well require years of study. Therefore, while we salute the occasion that brings us some realization (if not full revelation) of songs we may have contemplated in the score, or even attempted to work out for ourselves, let us not expect a harvest of definitive performances. Only the artist who sings each lied from conviction will penetrate its mysteries.

The forty-four songs that comprise the *Spanisches Liederbuch* were composed between October, 1889 and April, 1890. The source of the poems was an anthology of translations from 16th- and 17th-century Spanish poetry by Heyse and Geibel, containing works of such writers as Cervantes, Camoens, and Lope de Vega, as well as many anonymous poems. Wolf's collection was published in four volumes, the first containing the ten religious songs. Only a handful of these could be called well-known, even to the most active concert goer or avid record collector. *Nun wand're, Maria* is the chief exception, followed by *Die Ihr schwebet, Herr, was trägt der Boden hier* and *Ach, des Knaben Augen*. This neglect is not difficult to explain. In the first place most of these songs are anything but "grateful". Profoundly serious, they run the emotional gamut of spiritual agony, contrition, restlessness, longing and religious ecstasy. And they make the most exacting de-

mands upon both the singer and the pianist. The texts are set with infinite subtlety, according to the inflections and the rhythms of the words, while the piano underlines them with a chromatic and dissonant background. There must be the most complete independence and yet the most complete accord between the two performers. The vocal line must flow as naturally as speech, while the symphonic web of the piano part inevitably develops, yet these two elements must add up to a unity.

Having said all this I must confess to disappointment in the performances here recorded. Both the singers and the pianist are artists of standing in the lieder repertoire. But have they really mastered these songs? Not to go too much into detail, let me say that the flowing independence I have mentioned above is not fully achieved; there is a general impression that the artists are still beating time, counting measures. Of course in such a song as *Die Ihr schwebet*, in which the Virgin sings to the sleeping Christchild, the definite pulse gives Miss Seefried and Werba no trouble, but *Ach, wie lang die Seele schlummert* and the devastating *Mühevoll komm' ich* do not quite make their points. Two of the songs, *Wunden trägst du* and *Herr, was trägt der Boden hier*, are dialogues between the sinner and the Savior, and they are here presented by the two singers. To have carried this off successfully would have demanded at the least the ideal in the style of singing associated with the Christus in the Bach Passions, and this, I am afraid, Waechter does not provide.

For the secular songs the singers are better prepared. Most of them are reasonably well known, and must have been long in their repertoires. Seefried, using the girlish tone which seems to be characteristic of her work nowadays, portrays a charming mix in the well known *In dem Schatten meiner Locken*, then seems to be the same young lady in *Sie blasen zum Abmarsch* and again, less appropriately, in the great *Geh', Geliebter, geh' jetzt*. Waechter sings rather carefully for the most part; his voice sounds tired and diffuse, though he is patently a serious artist.

## A complete *Italienisches Liederbuch*

By HERBERT GLASS

I MUST begin by saying that this first complete *Italienisches Liederbuch* is an accomplishment of the greatest musical significance and unqualifiedly the most important contribution to what has thus far been a meagerly celebrated (in this country) Wolf centennial. Two earlier Decca releases, one by Fischer-Dieskau and Klust (DL-9632), the other by Seefried and Werba (DL-9743) gave us a frustratingly near-complete set with its thirty-eight selections out of the total forty-six. In its day, the baritone's part seemed a blessing, although the interpretations were extremely variable. Seefried's contribution still stands up extremely well. Her voice and temperament were ideal for the music when this recital was made, and she was well-partnered by Werba. Electrola has happily gone all the way, with the songs performed by two major singers and a pianist assuredly in the Gerald Moore class. The two records are handsomely packaged, with a charmingly illustrated booklet of German texts, but no notes. The joy of having a complete *Italienisches*, the opportunity to listen to it from first to last at a single sitting—a practice recommended only for die-hard Wolfians—is enough to compensate for any of its shortcomings. The songs are, of course, best savored a side or so at a time. This is not a cycle, although the songs all draw on the same sources: Paul Heyse's "adaptations" of Italian *rispetti* and *velote*. This type of poetry is, in Frank Walker's words, "a sort of intellectual exercise for lovers in verse that is mocking, gallant or passionate". Few of the ones set by Wolf run to over six or eight lines.

The songs represent Wolf at his peak;

**WOLF:** *Italienisches Liederbuch* (complete); Erna Berger (soprano); Hermann Prey (baritone); Günther Weisenborn (piano). Electrola set E-80-565/566S, two discs—three sides, \$10.48 (Import).

the level of inspiration is miraculously sustained. The only song about which I have any reservations is *Verschling der Abgrund*, which is just a bit too cautiously plotted and melodramatic to compare favorably with the effortless flow of the many others. Having, I hope, given the impression that this set is one of my treasured possessions, I feel a bit guilty at having to say that it isn't all a Wolf Elysium in interpretation. The fault lies not with the young and domestically little-known Prey, but with his older, revered colleague, Erna Berger. Her voice retains much of its girlish charm, although a fast quaver has recently been added to her highest register, as well as an occasional inability to hold the top notes; but this is of secondary importance. My objections concern her projection of the texts in their musical framework. She gives too few of them their full value. The opening *Auch kleine Dinge* is, as its title suggests, the most delicate of miniatures. Elisabeth Schumann, in a record made when she was past sixty and no longer in best voice (on Angel COLH-102), is able to give us complete pictures of the various objects described—the pearl, the olive, the rose and its fragrance. Her voice rises and falls like a summer breeze. The character of a miniature which contains some quality of inestimable value is sustained. Berger sings it with complete emotional flatness. In her version one is led to wonder what could be so important about such trivial objects. In such a mocking little thing as *Wer rief dich denn?* she lacks the bite and ultimate freedom of tonal production to bring out its meaning. This song shows us a woman's scorn for her lover, but it is not all black. Wolf introduces a marvelously subtle note (not discernible from a quick reading of the text) by showing us that she wants her rejected lover to come back. This is a lover's spat, not a divorce. Berger omits the human element. She is cool and dignified, ever the lady of high birth. The *Italienisches Liederbuch* does not prom-

inently deal with love that is noble, ideal, or self-sacrificing, but rather the existing kind with its frequent pettiness, jealousies, and contradictions. The lack of appreciation for this fact is obvious throughout the major part of Berger's contribution. Her deficiencies are further pointed up by Weissenborn, who doesn't seem to miss a single shade of meaning in his superbly played accompaniments. However, these reservations about Berger are not applicable to *Ich esse nun mein Brot, O wär dein Haus durchsichtig*, and *Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen*. In these there is more heat, more believability, and the voice, where less legato and very soft singing is required, is at its most ingratiating. I wish there were someone about who could handle these songs better than Berger. Unfortunately, I have no suggestions.

Hermann Prey's name was mentioned with great enthusiasm by Steven Smolian in these pages a few months ago ("Da Capo", March, 1960, page 552). I have also been a fan since hearing him in opera at Hamburg and in a New York Schubert-Beethoven recital three years ago (which came and went with so little publicity that many never realized that it had taken place). Hearing his *Schöne Müllerin* gave me the feeling that the *Italienisches Liederbuch* would find its ideal interpreter in Prey. It has come to pass. He seems to have all those qualities which the brutally over-exposed Fisher-Dieskau lacks—a voice of great evenness throughout its range, a delicate sense of humor, and the ability to convey a passionate sentiment without breaking into Italian opera sobs. The voice is also more substantial than Fischer-Dieskau's although still essentially light. Prey, like Hans Hotter of ten or more years ago, has a wide range with a particularly effective middle register. If he does not quite possess the complete artistry of today's Hotter, we can easily attribute this to the twenty years which separate them in age. Prey's singing is virile and ardent enough to give the impression of a human being singing of human things rather than a stiffly tuxedoed artist attempting to find a comfortable attitude to strike before an audience. He shows

how ideal a medium the phonograph is for the *Italienisches Liederbuch*. The brevity, at first evanescence, of the songs causes many of them to slip by unnoticed in the concert hall, with all its distractions. Prey's first entrance, in the gushingly love-smitten *Thr seid die Allerschönste*, in which a young man compares his girl to the flowers in May, the cathedrals of Orvieto and Siena and Viterbo's most imposing fountain (she naturally wins every time), was enough to convince me that great pleasure was in store. Prey made me see all the images he was describing. And what are these great artistic creations next to his girl? Pale imitations of her best qualities. His obvious honesty of feeling and beautiful voice caused a lady friend of mine to exclaim: "I wish he were singing to me!" His passion seems as limitless as the range of expression he is able to impart to every song. Old timers will certainly protest when I say that I prefer Prey's *Der Mond hat eine schwere Klag erhoben*, *Schon streckt ich aus*, and *Benedeit die Sel'ge Mutter* to Hüsck's. Hüsck, like Berger, is always very straight (in these songs) and impeccable, never giving any conspicuous impression of youthfulness. In *Schon streckt ich aus* we are given the picture of a young man, perhaps a poor student, getting out of his messy bed, thinking of his beloved. He slips into his shoes and begins to wander through the city playing his lute. In Hüsck's version I feel that a gentleman is rising from his canopied bed, with a valet waiting to slip on his silver-buckled shoes. A man like this doesn't wander around strumming his strings on the street. With Prey it all seems real, with Weissenborn again supplying a mood as effective as the words themselves. Any *Italienisches Liederbuch* admirer will naturally want a report on that supreme two minutes, *Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen*. Prey's version is another illustration of my feeling that he is the complete singer for this repertory. Again every subtlety is brought out, and every phrase is not thrice underlined as it is in Fischer-Dieskau's performance. Prey never inflates the song. He has also mastered the kind of intimacy required

(Continued on page 922)



*A monumental study of*

# Heinrich Schütz



Illustration reproduced from the front cover of Columbia's new "Music of Heinrich Schütz", to be reviewed shortly.



# BOOK REVIEWS

By JEAN BOWEN

**T**HE CHANGES in taste that cause one composer's music to be heard with fresh interest while that of another lies forgotten are indeed complex. But it cannot be denied that such changes take place, and that it is possible for one century to hear with pleasure what another century preferred to ignore. If, for example, baroque music was ignored by the eighteenth century, it has been fanatically espoused by the twentieth. New editions have made it available to performers, and from many of them it has received the kind of treatment that depends not only upon musical feeling but also upon the understanding of style—the elusive element that escapes those who are unwilling to pursue it with diligence.

To an understanding of style the so-called "definitive" study, either of a man or a period, is a very real contribution. Such studies are not easy to write, and consequently their number is small. But to their distinguished company this English translation of Hans Moser's biography of Schütz most certainly belongs.

The book was first published in Germany in 1936. Its subsequent history was stormy. Moser himself, in his preface to the second German edition of 1954, mentions the difficulties he had with the work. He says that because the second half of the first edition was destroyed by fire at the book-binder's during the bombardment of Kassel on March 8 and 9, 1945, the book remained out of print for a num-

ber of years. He speaks further of the loss of his personal copy, heavily annotated, during the requisitioning of his house in Babelsberg in connection with the Potsdam Conference. The English translation, too, although scheduled for publication soon after the 1954 German edition, met with serious delays, and its translator, Dr. Carl Pfatteicher, did not live to see his work in print. Of him it must be said that he was admirably suited to his work. Former director of music at Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, he was also known as the translator of Karl Nef's *History of Music*. He held the degrees of doctor of theology from Harvard and doctor of philosophy from the University of Freiburg in Germany. This fortunate combination of facility in languages, solid grounding in music, and a cultivated knowledge of church history and liturgy made him the ideal translator of a book devoted to the music of a man who wrote primarily for the church.

Even in its first appearance, in 1936, this monumental study was notable, first for the wealth of detail it contained and then for the clarity with which this detail was presented. Moser unearthed an amazing amount of material; his research left few archives untouched. Letters, municipal documents, account books—all were made to reveal what they knew of Schütz's life. It is to Moser's everlasting credit that he was able to organize these facts and to weigh them so judiciously. And if his account of Schütz's life glows with admiration, and if the composer steps from these pages closer to perfection than he may have been in life, one can easily attribute this amelioration to the biographer who has become identified to some extent with his subject.

The same healthy bias colors Moser's treatment of the music, which he considers opus by opus in the second half of the book. A great deal of attention is given to performance problems, and if

**HEINRICH SCHÜTZ: His Life and Work**, by Hans Joachim Moser; translated from the *Second Revised Edition* by Carl F. Pfatteicher. Concordia Publishing House (3558 So. Jefferson Avenue, Saint Louis 18, Missouri), \$15.

there are no compellingly lucid insights into the music there are, at least, no glaring errors of judgment, other than the author's insistent nationalism. It is worth noting that the first edition was printed in Gothic type, a type dear to the chauvinistic Germany of the thirties. More than a type face is affected here, however, and it is difficult to read such statements as the following without a twinge of discomfort:

He (Schütz) was a true German in his ability to assimilate within himself all the stimuli from without in order to deepen them in his inmost being, to give them soul, and, having made them German without this being apparent, to give them rebirth.

If the first appearance of the book was a notable event in scholarly circles, its reappearance in the fifties was just as happy, even though the new version was substantially like the old. Its main additions were the inclusion of the Rembrandt "Schütz portrait", identified tentatively by Bruno Maerker in *Deutsche Musik-kultur* No. 6, 1937/38, and an interesting letter of the composer to the Emperor Ferdinand III asking for copyright protection. Both of these addenda, as well as many less important, appeared in the appendix, while a few minor errors were corrected in the text itself. Other emendations, notably those suggested by Rudolf Gerber in a review, were neither made nor acknowledged.

Now the English edition is with us. It

is very much like its German ancestors in content, but there are differences in a number of details. The corrections and addenda have been retained; they appear here, however, in the body of the text. If the content is left largely to itself, so, too, is the style, which is as troublesome as it was in the original. Whether this kind of literal translation is justifiable is open to question. Such English will surely drive away anyone who might wish to read the book for pleasure, and it will not speed the progress of those who seek information. The main changes, though, are the omission of certain "extras". A number of corners have been cut. The score of *Gutes und Barmherzigkeit* is missing. There are fewer illustrations, and these are grouped at the back of the book far from the text to which they refer. Omitted, too, is the list of sources for the illustrations. There are inconsistencies in editing; for example, Latin and German titles are translated in some places and not in others. And there are a distressing number of misprints. Such errors have no place in the scholarly publications of a reputable press, and they should be corrected, at least with an errata list, in subsequent printings.

For the moment, however, the work stands as it is, and, criticism aside, it is very good to have it with us. In spite of its flaws, which are after all small in relation to the size of the book, it deserves inclusion in the libraries of all those who work with music.

## Other books received for review

LATE RENAISSANCE AND BAROQUE MUSIC, by Alec Harman and Anthony Milner. ("Man and His Music" Series, Volume II.) Essential Books, \$7.

FROM TIN FOIL TO STEREO: Evolution of the Phonograph, by Oliver Read and Walter L. Welch. Howard W. Sams/Bobbs-Merrill Co., \$9.95.

SUMMER MUSIC CALENDAR OF THE UNITED STATES (2,700 events in 575 cities through September, 1960), compiled and edited by Sara Newcomer

and Claire Jones. The President's Music Committee, 734 Jackson Place N. W., Washington 6, D. C., \$1.

COMPOSER AND NATION: The Folk Heritage in Music, by Sidney Finkelstein. International Publishers, \$4.

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG, by H. H. Stuckenschmidt; translated from the German by Edith T. Roberts and Humphrey Searle. Grove Press, \$6.

RICHARD WAGNER AND THE SYNTHESIS OF THE ARTS, by Jack M. Stein. Wayne State University Press, \$5.

# FROM THE EDITOR:

I FEEL that it is only fair to give old and valued subscribers some advance notice of the forthcoming increase in our rates. Effective with the September issue, subscriptions will be \$4.50 for one year, \$8 for two years, and \$10 for three years. If any of our readers, including any who have just renewed, wish to take advantage of this notice to extend their renewals under the present rates, they may do so during July and August. And I want to make it quite clear that the rise does not reflect any rise in our printer's prices; he has been busily fighting inflation by holding the line firmly, and we are grateful. Rather, our new rates reflect nothing but the enormous expansion of our coverage, which today demands double and triple the number of pages we averaged when the present rates were fixed eight years ago. So that our increases are by no means out of proportion; at 1960 prices the ARG is still cheap. . . The Tokyo Shibaura Electric Co., Ltd., claims to have developed a "permanently dust-proof" anti-static record (they call it Ever-Clean). Such a disc could revolutionize processing the world over, and incidentally eliminate one of the collector's chronic headaches. For heaven's sake let us have production samples, not brochures. . . I read in the fall catalogue of Grove Press that a certain Jean Barraqué is being discussed by the French critic André Hodeir (in *Since Debussy*, due next October) as "a master whose genius may prove equal to that of Beethoven". That is powerful strong language, Monsieur. . . As a member in good standing of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences I must applaud John Hammond of Columbia for the forthright way in which he is trying to make NARAS respectable. Recording is an art and a science, far more than it is a business (these days especially), and its groves of academe should be absolutely free of the kind of cynicism (or ignorance) that has been apparent to all in the NARAS annual awards. A best-selling record is not necessarily a great one, nor even a good one, and mutual admiration is not criticism, and an industry

that cannot police itself hardly should be surprised to find that it is arrested. Pun intended. . . Speaking of Columbia, congratulations to Debbie Ishlon on her new vice-presidency. In what is supposed to be a man's world she has proved once again (Wilma Cozart of Mercury got there a while ago) that there is always room at the top. . . And speaking of the top, the imminent visit of Sviatoslav Richter must be motivating some of the most elaborate intrigue in the history of recording. In whose New York studios will he deign to play? Deponent knoweth not, and neither does anyone else; I suspect, except maybe Sol Hurok. . . This much about Richter I can tell you. Artia will release in September a coupling that sounds like the biggest bargain in the piano catalogue—the Prokofiev Seventh Sonata and the Musorgsky *Pictures*, if you please, on one disc. Prognostication is not my style, but I must admit that this one sounds like a winner even from a distance of two months. . . Our centennial pieces on Mahler and Wolf in this issue remind me to take note of G. Schirmer's hundredth birthday. And I trust that we may look forward to a recording of the Barber Piano Concerto commissioned for the occasion. . . The unprecedentedly sweeping withdrawals from the M-G-M catalogue were sad enough to contemplate, but engineer Bob Blake's list of the recordings readied and never released by that label is, if anything, even more painful to peruse. I was particularly struck by the loss of Surinach's *Embattled Garden*, which is his score for the marvelous stage work of the same title by Martha Graham. It occurs to me that the large, loyal Graham audience is one to which no record company ever has addressed itself, and there are several fine scores in her repertory that deserve to be available. Mostly they are unpublished and thus known only in the context of a Graham production, two exceptions being *Appalachian Spring* and *Seraphic Dialogue* (Dello Joio's *Triumph of St. Joan*), but surely others, by the aforementioned and also by El-Dabh and Schuman, merit more attention. —J.L.

# Other Reviews

(including stereo®)

**T**HERE IS IN SOULS a sympathy with sounds, and as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased with melting airs or martial, brisk or grave; some chord in unison with what we hear is touched within us, and the heart replies.

—William Cowper

**ALBINONI:** *Concerti Op. 9: No. 2 in D minor for Oboe, Strings, and Continuo; Nos. 4 in A, 10 in F for Violin, Strings, and Continuo; Sinfonia, Op. 2, No. 6, in G minor for Strings and Continuo;* Evert van Tricht (oboe); Roberto Michelucci (violin); I Musici. Epic LC-3682, \$4.98.

Bryks, Ital. Baroque Ens. (Op. 9)....Vox DL-193  
Virtuosi di Roma (Op. 9, No. 2)....Decca DL-9731  
Virtuosi di Roma (Op. 2, No. 6)....Decca DL-9572

▲NOT one of these works is a total stranger to LP. Those who favor completeness may still be able to find copies of Vox's de luxe set of the entire Op. 9 in record shops. The Op. 9, No. 2 itself, one of Albinoni's most popular and best-known concerti, has appeared not only in the recording cited above but also in a rather poor performance for Haydn Society that is now, after two issuances (HSL-137, then 9051), out of print; and it also appeared on a Colosseum disc (CLPS-1014), which is likewise no longer with us. The fine Op. 2, No. 6, as above, is still available. But all these pieces take on a new vibrancy in these lovely performances. There is no need for any detailed individual comparisons: I Musici's richness of tone and refinement of artistry easily best all competition in these works. The recording sound is spacious but clear, with the harpsichord continuo coming through, especially in the Op. 9, No. 2, a bit better than in some of the previous volumes of the *Monumenta Italicae Musicae* series. One only wishes that the engineers would be permitted to pin this

ensemble down and record complete sets of things, instead of these appetite-whetting samplings.

—J.W.B.

**J. S. BACH:** *Cantata No. 56, Ich will den Kreuzstab gerne tragen; Cantata No. 82, Ich habe genug;* Mack Harrell (baritone); RCA Victor Orchestra (with chorus in No. 56) conducted by Robert Shaw. RCA Victor LM-2312, \$4.98, or Stereo LSC-2312, \$5.98.

Prey, Thomas.....Electrola ®STE-80-572  
Fischer-Dieskau, Ristenpart....Archive ARC-3058

®FOR all the late Mack Harrell's artistry and richness of voice, these performances fail to come to life. The fault is the conductor's. Shaw's attitude is "reverential", i.e. underemphatic, throughout. The orchestra is always subdued; there is little dynamic differentiation. Shaw rounds off his phrases to such an extent that everything sounds loosely organized, with a drowsy sameness permeating every section of these two magnificent cantatas. As a result, through no failing of Harrell's, there is neither poignancy, drama, nor exultation in either. In addition, the organ continuo is given so little to do that it might as well have been omitted. The recordings listed above, particularly the recent Prey-Thomas, supply all that is missing from this skimpy tribute to an excellent singer.

—H.G.

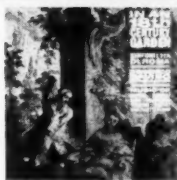
**J. S. BACH:** *St. John Passion;* Gisela Rathauscher (soprano); Elfrieda Hofstaetter (contralto); Ferry Gruber (Evangelist); Rudolf Kreuzberger

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(tenor); Walter Berry (Jesus and bass arias); Leo Heppé (Pilate); Harald Buchsbaum (Petrus); Karl Troetzmueller and Guenther Breitenbach (viola d'amore); Nikolaus Huebner (viola da gamba); Bruno Seidlhofer (cembalo); Karl Wolleiner (organ); Akademie Kammerchor and Wiener Symphoniker, conducted by Ferdinand Grossmann. Vox Box VBX-202, six sides, \$6.95.

Ramin, St. Thos. Choir . . . . . Decca Archive 3045-47  
Shaw Chorale . . . . . RCA Victor LVT-3000

▲THIS recording originally appeared some ten years ago. It was the first *St. John Passion* on records, and as I look back on what I wrote at the time I suspect I was a little too kind to it. Ferry Gruber's Evangelist struck me as very good, with which verdict I can still agree; also the contralto arias sung by Miss Hofstaetter are admirable. But the performance is too businesslike, the pauses between numbers so brief that much of the dramatic impact of the magnificent music is lost. For all that, I preferred it to the also rather slick Shaw version in English translation and to the no longer available one of Kurt Thomas. But they were all easily outclassed in 1956 when Deutsche Grammophon produced the Ramin recording, made with the choir of Bach's own church in Leipzig. The Vox reissue now may be justified by its bargain price; it will at least serve many as an introduction to a masterpiece.

—P.L.M.

●  
**BARTÓK:** *Herzog Blaubarts Burg, Op. 11;*

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (Herzog Blaubert); Hertha Töpper (Judith); Radio-Symphonie-Orchester Berlin, conducted by Ferenc Fricsay. Deutsche Grammophon LPM-18565, \$5.98, or Stereo SLPM-138030, \$6.98 (Import).

Koréh, Hellwig, Susskind . . . . . Bartók 310-11

⑧THIS second recording of Bartók's remarkable two-character opera is the first on stereo. It is sung in German, whereas the earlier version was done in the original Hungarian; the new recording takes a single disc for the whole performance, while the older one required two. A feature of the score missing from the new version is the introduction spoken by a

"Bard". In most other respects there is little comparison between the two recordings; Fricsay invests the score with both drama and polish, and he is much more smoothly recorded than was Susskind. The dynamic range here is very impressive. Fischer-Dieskau sings the role of Bluebeard with insinuatingly beautiful tone and splendidly telling delivery. I did, however, find Töpper's voice heavy for the role of Judith. The role is high for her, and she has some difficulty sustaining a steady vocal line. Such a passage as *Weil ich dich liebe* is spoiled by her inability to pronounce *Liebe* properly in the upper part of her voice. In this, and in this only, I find a point of superiority in the older set, for Judith Hellwig had no such trouble. The generally admirable clarity of the reproduction loses a little toward the ends of the two sides.—P.L.M.

●  
**BARTÓK:** *Piano Rhapsody, Op. 1;*

*Piano Concerto No. 1;* Leonid Hambro (piano) with Zimmler Sinfonietta conducted by Robert Mann. Bartók Records 313, \$5.00.

▲THE engineering skill of Peter Bartók and the performing of Hambro and his associates are more rewarding to me than the music they offer. The seemingly interminable *Rhapsody*, written in 1904 and by no means Bartók's first composition despite its designation as *Op. 1*, is a shapeless composition in the manner of Liszt with an overlay of chromatic harmonies and some personal rhythmic innovations. The far more interesting Concerto No. 1 is part of that thorny thicket in Bartók's creative realm which one associates with his work during the twenties. This composition has strong, gnarled roots but not a single blossom. It strikes me as an experiment in rhythm and percussive sonority. Bartók uses a huge variety of rhythms, many of them lifted from his research in folk music, in a great many ways other than for motor energy: he uses rhythm to establish mood, as embellishment, and even as a focal point. His treatment of the piano as a percussive instrument is well known, but this work represents his most radical exercise of that concept.  
—C.J.L.

## Four Beethoven Thirds

**T**WO wide misses and a direct hit are represented in these performances. Artistically, Arrau's concept suffers most from leaden tempi throughout, and consequently an oppressive rhythmic weight. Phrasings, particularly in the final movement, sag from an expansiveness that they cannot sustain. There are lesser defects also, such as a tendency toward blurred pedaling and a not infrequent lack of unity of execution between soloist and conductor. Sonically, the album is a horror of imbalance, muddiness, shrillness in trebles, raspiness in tutti, and surface noise.

Although the pacing in the Columbia performance is also lethargic, the main shortcoming is that the pianist and conductor approach this work on two entirely different emotional and stylistic levels. Bernstein is a warm Beethoven exponent, who brings an elegant fluency of contour to his phrasing and fills the melodic line with tasteful dynamic color. Gould, on the other hand, is altogether austere and, I think, overly precious, with nothing that is personal entering into his inhibited, dry tone, sharply curtailed dynamics, and baroque ornamentation. Conceivably either method, if consistently pursued, would have a claim to legitimacy, but when they are mingled—now one, now the other, and both during concerted episodes—all validity is sacrificed. A num-

ber of secondary defects dot this well-recorded presentation, among them being Gould's ubiquitous humming and some very audible coughing in the second movement. It only remains to say that I find the cadenzi as indicated by Beethoven infinitely superior to Gould's.

Katchen's performance can be called at the very least an iridescent musical experience. With Gamba as an ideal collaborator, his flawless delivery delves deeply into the substance of meaning (the middle movement is a revelation in this respect), yet beautifully maintains a balance between the mechanics of articulation and the requisites of projection. Adding to the delights is the bubbly *Rondo in B flat* of which London curiously makes no mention on the cover face and for which no liner notes are offered. The reproduction of the shorter work is exemplary. Only the slightly more distant miking of the piano lowers the sonic values in the Concerto recording. —A.K.



**BEETHOVEN:** *Piano Concerto No. 3 in C minor, Op. 37*; Gary Graffman (piano); Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Walter Hendl. RCA Victor LM-2396, \$4.98, or Stereo LSC-2396, \$5.98.

Rubinstein, Krips.....RCA Victor LM-2122  
Gould, Bernstein.....Columbia ML-5418  
Gilels, Cluytens.....Angel 35131

⑤ONE cannot help being astonished at the ease with which Gary Graffman negotiates the solo part of this Concerto; it may not be among the most difficult works in the repertoire, but for this pianist there simply do not seem to be any difficulties! Basically, this is a very dynamic interpretation, rather hard in its viewpoint, and much too often, I think, without relaxation in the lyric portions of the two outer movements. The slow movement goes very well indeed, however, with much more sensitivity in the execution of the solo instrument than is heard elsewhere. If Graffman had been able to veer slightly from his somewhat graceless approach, this performance would be truer to the style of the Concerto. The orchestral accompaniment is extremely good, and the sound superlative. —I.K.

**BEETHOVEN:** *Piano Concerto No. 3 in C minor, Op. 37*; Claudio Arrau (piano) with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Alceo Galliera. Angel Stereo S-35724, \$5.98.

**BEETHOVEN:** *Piano Concerto No. 3 in C minor, Op. 37*; Glenn Gould (piano) with the Columbia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Columbia ML-5418, \$4.98.

**BEETHOVEN:** *Piano Concerto No. 3 in C minor, Op. 37*; *Rondo in B flat*; Julius Katchen (piano) with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Pierino Gamba. London Stereo CS-6096, \$4.98.



**BEETHOVEN:** *Sonata No. 23 in F minor, Op. 57; Sonata No. 21 in C, Op. 53;* Wilhelm Backhaus (piano). London Stereo CS-6161, \$4.98.

**BEETHOVEN:** *Piano Concerto No. 5 in E flat, Op. 73 "Emperor";* Backhaus and Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt. London Stereo CS-6156, \$4.98.

⑧BACKHAUS is fast approaching the all-time record for durability among recording pianists. His career began during the acoustic period; now he already has a slew of stereo discs to his credit. He is a grand veteran; and even today nothing he touches can be left without his imprint of authority and nobility, as his latest recordings will attest. His performance of the "Emperor", for example, is far from including the ideal degree of fiery brilliance, but it is nevertheless a comforting exhibition of dedicated music-making and lofty scholarship. The "Waldstein" is a composition for pianists; except for the extraordinary bridge between its two *allegros*, it always seemed to me primarily a test for judging the performer's mechanism. One would not expect Backhaus to excel in such music today, and he does not. But here is, all the same, an unusually harmonious interpretation in which virtually every note sounds. Backhaus plays the *Appassionata* very well indeed in an enjoyable performance perfectly proportioned for his current powers. London's recording for the sonatas as well as for the concerto is exceptional—even for London. —C.J.L.

**BEETHOVEN:** *Sonata No. 14 in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2 ("Moonlight"); Sonata No. 24 in F sharp, Op. 78; Sonata No. 30 in E, Op. 109;* Annie Fischer (piano). Angel Stereo S-35791, \$5.98.

(Nos. 14 & 24)  
Casadeus.....Columbia ML-5233  
(No. 14)  
Gieseeking.....Angel 35652  
Serkin.....Columbia ML-5164  
(No. 30)  
Hess.....Angel 35705

⑧THIS Hungarian pianist, who is to make her American debut next fall, interprets the three sonatas with great warmth and expressiveness. These are intelligent and thoughtful readings, which combine

strength and sensitivity to make performances that stand among the best on records. The fine, natural sound, especially in stereo, is an added pleasure. —I.K.

**BEETHOVEN:** *Sonatas for Violin and Piano: No. 9 in A, Op. 47 ("Kreutzer"); No. 5 in F, Op. 24 ("Spring");* Henryk Szeryng (violin); Artur Rubinstein (piano). RCA Victor LM-2377, \$4.98, or Stereo LSC-2377, \$5.98.

⑤BECAUSE Szeryng's recording of the Bach solo Sonatas and Partitas (on Odéon, about a year ago) raised several very interesting questions about tempo, I was curious to see if the Beethoven sonatas would bear out what the Bach seemed to indicate—that Szeryng chooses deliberately slow tempi, not through caution we may be sure, but to give all possible deference to phrasing and beautiful tone. His Bach was, in most movements, on an entirely different time scale from Milstein's and Heifetz's, and it was unforgettable. But it is hard to gain in one direction without losing in another, and Szeryng lost some of the excitement which builds up in Bach through the sheer relentlessness of the forward momentum. I came to the Beethoven, therefore, half prepared for stately tempi rather than brisk ones, and heard to my surprise a choice of paces considerably faster, in the Kreutzer, than one of my cherished versions, the Grumiaux-Haskil (Epic LC-3458), and about on a par with another, the Milstein-Balsam (Capitol PAO-8430). Milstein, for example, takes the Andante before the variations at a fast walk, and Szeryng proved to be abreast of him every step of the way. He is even a bit ahead of him in the first movement. Which, to me, was a pleasing discovery, for to brand in one's mind a certain player with invariably predictable characteristics is to begin, on the spot, to lose interest in him.

It would be impossible, however, to lose interest in Szeryng under almost any conditions. He is a brilliant violinist, and these sonatas are handsome and well-grown performances, almost among the best. The qualification arises from a just-perceptible lack of subtlety which, I



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think, one becomes conscious of only on closest comparison with the other versions mentioned. Milstein, for example, manages a biting, gutty tone in the fast-figured passages of the "Kreutzer" first movement, which is marvelously intense. In the second movement of the "Spring", too, the intrusions of the violin upon the piano's rhapsodizing, in Szeryng's version, seem slightly abrupt and bluntly phrased. But these are small and perhaps carping criticisms.

As for Szeryng's distinguished partner, his performances, good as they are, are neither quite so loving as Haskil's nor so rhythmically acute as Balsam's. Is it because Rubinstein has made less of a specialty of chamber music and is playing here somewhat "off the top of his head"? It is difficult to say. But be that as it may, this recording is of sufficiently high caliber to get me to the store if other Szeryng-Rubinstein-Beethoven collaborations should appear in the future. —S.F.

•  
**BENEVOLI:** *Missa, Si Deus pro nobis quis contra nos (Kyries I and II, Gloria, and Credo); PITONI:* *Misericordia Domini*; Choir of the Council of Trent directed by Father Laurence Feininger. Societas Universalis Sanctae Ceciliae XTV-29274/5, \$5.00.

▲ **THOUGH** the brief motet by Giuseppe Ottavio Pitoni (1657-1743) comes first on this disc, the composer who occupies the rest is the real figure of interest here. Orazio Benevoli (c. 1605-1672), the chief exponent of early baroque polyphonic gigantism, has received only one record's worth of serious attention on LP, a presentation of his celebrated monstrosity, the *Festmesse für 53 Stimmen*, and also a hymn to St. Rupert, both composed for the consecration of Salzburg Cathedral in 1628. In spite of some shortcomings, that Epic release (LC-3035) is a fascinating curiosity and worthy of investigation by those who think that size in music was an invention of the nineteenth century. Unfortunately, this new record adds nothing to what we already have. This chorus is hopelessly incapable of coping with the complex multi-choral writing. The boys who take the upper voices display a

woeful lack of any grasp of pitch or rhythm, and their whole style of singing is ugly in the extreme. The blame perhaps should go most to the conductor, who seems to have taught them the worst possible mannerisms. Add to this an unevenness of recording sound, and you have a musical disaster that is literally painful to sit through. But for those bold enough to rush in where reviewers fear to tread a second time, this affair (which comes with a mimeographed sheet of notes, without texts, and packaged in nothing but a cellophane sleeve) may be obtained from the music publishing firm of McGinnis and Marx, 408 Second Avenue, New York 10, N.Y., for the price as above plus 60 cents for shipping.—J.W.B.

•  
**BERLIOZ:** "*La Damnation de Faust*"; Consuela Rubio (Marguerite); Richard Verreau (Faust); Michel Roux (Mephistopheles); Pierre Mollet (Brander); Elisabeth Brasseur Choir; RTF Children's Choir; Lamoureux Orchestra, conducted by Igor Markevitch. Deutsche Grammophon set DG-18599/600, four sides, \$11.96, or Stereo SLPM-138099/100, \$13.96 (Import).

Danco, Poleri, Singher, Munch..... RCA Victor LM-6114  
⑤ **FOR** sheer beauty of recorded sound this set must be hailed as something of a triumph. The pianissimo of the *Dance of the Sylphs*, a mere whisp of sound, is quite unforgettable. And this is only one of many such moments. The cast, though the recording comes by way of Germany, is mostly French, which is another strong point in a performance of this music. When the Munch recording appeared it seemed to me something of a masterpiece, despite some rather obvious blemishes. The Boston Symphony, even beyond its wont, played magnificently, the Radcliffe and Harvard choruses outdid themselves, and the conductor's sympathy with the music could not be questioned. Of the soloists Danco and Singher belonged to the right tradition and were in excellent form, and Donald Gramm, in his smaller role, was worthy to stand with them. But there was also David Poleri, with his voice his one real asset; there were evidences of careful training, but not of

identification with the music. The weakness in Markevitch's cast is Miss Rubio, who fails to suggest the character of Marguerite, and who is guilty of some unsteady singing. Verreau sings with a good manly tone, and he understands what he is singing about. Roux, though limited in voice, is easily a match for the excellent Singher. He even manages the difficult *Voici des roses* with great breadth and smoothness. And Mollet is a satisfactory Brander. If Munch is a master in the Berlioz style, I find Markevitch also very much in his element. And I think the odds are with Markevitch. —P.L.M.

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**BRAHMS:** *Piano Concerto No. 1 in D minor, Op. 15*; Julius Katchen (piano) and London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Pierre Monteux. London Stereo CS-6151, \$4.98.

⑧LISTENING to this excellent record-

ing, I was reminded of one of Sir Max Beerbohm's favorite critical comments: "If you like this sort of thing, you'll like this sort of thing." To my mind, this concerto is clumsy in workmanship, over-inflated with a kind of pretentious air I cannot admire, and clothed with tonal textures that frequently remind me of a sea of mud. The piece, nevertheless, commands my respect as does any music that has emotional communication and such definite personality that it could not have been written by anyone other than its author. Those more fortunate than I, who enjoy this work, will find that London outdistances its stereo competition and is almost up to the highest standards afforded by any performance on a long-playing record. Monteux has a special way with Brahms and his support of Katchen's particularly worthy effort is outstanding. —C.J.L.

## *Loving homage (from Nadia) to Lili Boulanger*

**L. BOULANGER:** *Du Fond de l'Âbîme*; *Psalmes 24, 129*; *Vieille Prière buddhique*; *Pie Jesu*; Oralia Dominguez (contralto); Alain Fauqueur (boy soprano); Michel Sénéchal (tenor); Raymond Amade (tenor); Pierre Mollet (baritone); Chorale Elisabeth Brasseur; J. J. Gruenwald (organ); Lamoureux Orchestra conducted by Igor Markevitch. Everest SDBR-3059, \$4.98

⑧ACCORDING to a note on the jacket this disc fulfills a long-held ambition of Nadia Boulanger to make known via recording some of the music of her sister Lili, who died in 1918, not yet twenty-five. So at last here is her vindication, a program of forceful and sonorous music, not at all what one would expect from a lifelong invalid, a young girl who, as Camille Maclair puts it in his introductory notes, had "known life without having learned, observed, or lived it."

The first of these *Psalms*, No. 130, *Out of the Depths (De profundis)*, was completed a few months before Lili Boulanger's death. It is a remarkable asseveration of faith in God's mercy growing out of the somber realization of human frailty and

sin. *Psaume 24, The earth is the Lord's*, is a paean of praise, ending with the famous passage, *Who is the King of Glory?* This is large-scale music; after it *Psaume 129, Many a time have they afflicted me*, with its gentle ending, forms a striking contrast. Both these works date from 1916. *The Old Buddhist Prayer* was begun in 1914 and completed in 1917; its subtitle, *Daily Prayer for the Whole Universe*, promises music of power and sweep, and we are not disappointed. *Pie Jesu* (the only one of these works previously recorded) was Lili Boulanger's last work, "dictated line by line when she no longer had strength enough to write". It is sung here in the most disarming manner by a boy soprano, somehow providing the most fitting possible crown for such a program.

No care or skill has been spared in the preparation of this labor of love. Markevitch is a pupil of Nadia Boulanger, and clearly he has caught some of her dedication. Chorus and orchestra perform with real grandeur, and the work of the soloists, Dominguez, Sénéchal, Raymond, Mollet and the youthful Fauqueur, is distinguished. —P.L.M.

## Richter-Haaser's Brahms B flat—two reports

**BRAHMS:** *Piano Concerto No. 2 in B flat, Op. 83*; Hans Richter-Haaser (piano); Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Herbert Von Karajan. Angel 35796, \$4.98.

Horowitz, Toscanini..... RCA Victor LCT-1025  
Ashkenazy, Ludwig..... Angel 35649  
Gilels, Reiner..... RCA Victor LM, LSC-2219  
Rubinstein, Munch..... RCA Victor LM-1728  
Rubinstein, Krips..... RCA Victor LM-2296

▲**RICHTER-HAASER**, the forty-seven-year-old German pianist whose American debut last October aroused so much interest, is without doubt a performer of unusual sensitivity and warmth, judged from the present recording. In this era of super-virtuosos, many of whom do not play much beyond the notes themselves, it is certainly refreshing to hear a pianist whose main desire obviously is to re-create the music for the sake of the music itself rather than merely to impress through digital dexterity. Musically, then, this is a sound Brahmsian interpretation whose strongest features are its warmth and lack of excesses or mannerisms. The B flat Concerto is, however, an essentially virtuosic work, and from the point of view of generated excitement this performance disappoints, for there does not really seem to be any building up of tensions or climaxes. Everything is properly controlled in a basically German—slightly heavy-handed and unpressurized—interpretation, but the sense of elation in the first two movements appears to me to be underplayed. And the ensuing *Andante*, while extremely sensitive, just misses the sublime quality to be found in other recorded versions. The capricious Finale is very well done, but here another element, humor, is neglected. Richter-Haaser's playing on the whole is excellent, nevertheless, even though his big style lacks the brilliance and dash of Horowitz, Ashkenazy, Gilels, or Rubinstein (these are still for me the preferred performances). One cannot help feeling that Karajan and the pianist do not always see eye to eye in interpretative matters; there are moments when the accompaniment is at best routine. In spite of my admiration for Hans Richter-

Haaser's musicianship, then, I cannot but conclude that nowhere in the entire Concerto do the pianist and orchestra together achieve the kind of greatness which is inherent in the competitive performances. —I.K.



**BRAHMS:** *Piano Concerto No. 2 in B flat, Op. 83*; Hans Richter-Haaser (piano); Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Herbert Von Karajan. Angel Stereo S-35796, \$5.98.

⑤**THE** blueprint for this performance of Brahms' already massive Concerto is one of sprawling dimensions, the emphasis being heavily lyric and legato and much less rhythmic-metric. The challenge in sustaining such an approach is, of course, enormous, and despite a beginning of considerable nobility in statement the challenge is not very successfully met here. Richter-Haaser has not the variety of tonal color, dynamic instinct, nor spontaneity of execution needed to keep the expanded phrasings from sagging. Essentially his style is narrower than the framework he is trying to fill, and more responsive to the poetic premises of the two middle movements than to the declamations of their alternates. Horowitz himself, however, would probably find it impossible to bring any buoyancy to the final movement at the leaden and spiritless tempo prescribed here. Karajan's beat is in agreement with the lack of momentum and the non-dramatic emphasis, if not sometimes with the details of phrasing, where there is something less than unanimity between the podium and the soloist. The reproduction is distant and the orchestra somewhat reverberant. —A.K.



**BRAHMS:** *Hungarian Dances*; **DVOŘÁK:** *Slavonic Dances*; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Herbert von Karajan. Deutsche Grammophon LPM-18610, \$5.98, or Stereo SLPM-138080, \$6.98 (Import).

⑤**THIS** is a dazzling effort, but in the long run it fails to please. No one will

deny that the Berlin Philharmonic plays superbly or that it is wonderfully responsive to its permanent conductor. What is missing here is not élan but rather the gifts of simple music-making. Hardly any of these performances has ease. They are mostly exaggerated in dynamics and in tempi, and aggressive in their hit-between-the-eyes purpose. The woolly recording does not help matters either.

—C.J.L.

**BRAHMS:** *Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68*; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Rudolf Kempe. Capitol Stereo SG-7208, \$5.98.

Klemperer.....Angel ®S-35481  
Kubelik.....London ®CS-6016  
Szell.....Epic ®BC-1010  
Van Beinum.....Epic ®BC-1035  
Von Karajan.....RCA Victor ®LDS-2351

⑤IN general, this performance belongs to the heavier, Teutonic school of Brahms interpretation. As such it is a frequently exciting reading. The orchestral playing is splendid, and my only criticism of the conducting concerns the occasionally unsuccessful transitions from one tempo to another especially in the last movement; it is only in these few places that there is any deviation from the otherwise lucid treatment of the score. The stereo sound features distant mike placement, with some lack of orchestral clarity as a result, but one certainly does have the impression of a large orchestra playing in one's living room.

—I.K.

**CHOPIN:** *Piano Concerto No. 1 in E minor, Op. 11*; *Krakowiak, Op. 14*; Stefan Askenase (piano); Residentie Orchestra of The Hague conducted by Willem van Otterloo. Deutsche Grammophon LPM-18605, \$5.98, or Stereo SLPM-138085, \$6.98 (Import).

(Concerto)

Anda, Galliera.....Angel 35631  
Fu Tsung, Gorzynski.....Pathé DTX-171/5  
Herasiewicz, Hollreiser.....Epic LC-3643, ®BC-1060  
Rubinstein, Wallenstein.....RCA Victor LM-1810

⑤NO relation to twenty-three-year-old Vladimir Ashkenazy, sixty-four-year-old Stefan Askenase is a Russian-born pianist who lives in Brussels and concertizes extensively in Europe. He has achieved considerable renown as a Chopin interpreter and has made numerous recordings of that composer's music for Deutsche

Grammophon, although this is the first to appear in America. It cannot be denied that he is an extremely sensitive interpreter, and this plus his generally relaxed approach is responsible for the considerable poetic quality in his playing. He is not an outstanding technician, obviously, but he does have a feeling for the Chopin line which many a younger and more brilliantly endowed pianist could well envy. The Concerto and the seldom-recorded and quite delightful *Krakowiak* are given thoroughly musical performances by both soloist and conductor; other versions of the Concerto may have more excitement, but few adhere to such an idiomatic concept of Chopin style. The recording is satisfactory without being in any way outstanding.

—I.K.

**DEBUSSY:** *La boîte à joujoux; Printemps*; L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande conducted by Ernest Ansermet. London Stereo CS-6079, \$4.98.

⑤THE beginning and the end of Debussy's career are represented by this excellent coupling. In the symphonic suite, *Printemps*, which dates from 1887, the influences of Massenet and Chabrier are still strongly apparent, and yet signs of the quite original use of harmonies and tone colors that came to be called impressionism are also unmistakable. Following the brilliant evolution of this style, which reached its peak with *La Mer*, "*Pélleas et Mélisande*", the *Nocturnes*, and *Iberia*, Debussy's compositions took an austere turn. More and more, his writing was to have smaller dimensions and more subtle use of color harmony. *La boîte à joujoux* is from this last period. Ansermet's understanding of this children's ballet (with sardonic overtones), as well as *Printemps*, could hardly be bettered. Neither could London's reproduction.

—A.K.

**DEBUSSY:** *La Mer; Danses Sacrées et Profanes*; **ROUSSEL:** *Bacchus et Ariane, Suite No. 2*; Lamoureux Orchestra, Paris, conducted by Igor Markevitch. Decca/Deutsche Grammophon Stereo DGS-712040, \$5.98.

⑤THE Lamoureux may not be a first-rate orchestra, but it is a French orches-



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tra, and that counts for a great deal in the performance of so many French compositions. Since the time of Berlioz, most French composers have designed their creations for their native instrumental sounds—brasses with small bores that are long on brilliance, flexibility, precise articulation and short on volume; oboes, clarinets, and bassoons that can be performed with the utmost crispness and that are always intended to sound like reed instruments. The principal objective of French orchestral playing is a good blend, *not* power. You would expect such a situation to prevail in the performance of music that is more concerned with painting than with forensics. The pieces presented on this disc are such music; scarcely has one begun to listen when it is clear that this music is the French orchestral musician's daily bread. It belongs to them. Markevitch, now the Lamoureux's permanent conductor, and his men make the strongest impression in Roussel's brilliant ballet score. Here is a rousing performance of some rousing music that deserves more hearings in this country. *La Mer* goes somewhat less well, for want of tighter pacing and greater cumulative impact. The *Dances Sacrée et Profane* come off about as well as they ever do. The recording is exceptionally clean and brilliant, but it could use a bit more body.

—C.J.L.

**DVOŘÁK:** *Slavonic Rhapsody No. 3 in A flat, Op. 45; Scherzo Capriccioso, Op. 66;*  
**BRAHMS:** *Hungarian Dances Nos. 1 & 3 (Orch. Brahms), Nos. 5 & 6 (Orch. Schmelling), Nos. 17-21 (Orch. Dvořák).*  
 Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Rafael Kubelik. Capitol Stereo SG-7209, \$5.98.

ⓈTHOSE who have become a little tired of the Hungarian Dances should without fail acquire this newest recording, for they are played here with such verve and freshness that even the most hardened listener cannot help but be delighted. The two Dvořák pieces also are done with wonderful style and enormous enthusiasm, and the recording throughout has been accomplished with great clarity and depth. All told, a splendid disc which may be recom-



mended without qualification. —I.K.

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**DVOŘÁK:** *Symphony No. 2 in D minor, Op. 70; Slavonic Dances, Op. 46: Nos. 1, 3, 7, 8.* Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam conducted by Bernard Haitink. Epic LC-3668, \$4.98.

(Op. 70)  
Kubelik, Vienna Phil. . . . . London CM-9178  
(Op. 46)  
Tálich, Czech Phil. . . . . Parliament PLP-121

▲THIS is the first record we have had from young (33) Bernard Haitink, who, with Eugen Jochum, was recently appointed co-conductor of the Concertgebouw. It indicates that Amsterdam has found a likely successor to the lamented Eduard van Beinum. The interpretation of the Symphony is quite unlike that of Kubelik, which has been justly praised in these pages. Haitink, however, is no less effective; his version is faster and inclined to be more overtly dramatic than the Kubelik. The Dutchman drives his players rather hard, but is always in control. The finale is particularly exciting in this treatment and the playing is all that one has come to expect from this glorious orchestra. This movement has a gigantic strength and vitality here which makes it, for my taste, the most imposing version on records. The Slavonic Dances—this is the only Dvořák Second not covering two complete sides—are as delightful and atmospheric as any competing version. Haitink need make no apologies for his age. The Concertgebouw is in secure hands. Sharp, lifelike recorded sound.

—H.G.

•  
**FALLA:** *The Three-Cornered Hat* (Complete Ballet); Barbara Howitt (soprano); The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Enrique Jordá. Everest LPBR-6057 or Stereo SDBR-3057, \$4.98.

⑤THIS is the first stereo recording of the complete *Three-Cornered Hat*, and in terms of both the superlative sound and the extremely idiomatic performance it is an outstanding release. Barbara Howitt, with her dark tone quality, makes a suitably Spanish-sounding Miller's Wife in her brief solos, and the orchestra under Jordá's expert direction plays with precision and verve. Sound bugs will have

great fun with the spectacular opening, with its castanets, voices, trumpet, and timpani—a dazzler in stereo. —I.K.

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**GRIEG:** *Piano Concerto in A minor, Op. 16; LITOLFF: *Scherzo* (from *Concerto Symphonique, Op. 102*); Peter Katin (piano); London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Colin Davis. Richmond B-19061, \$1.98.*

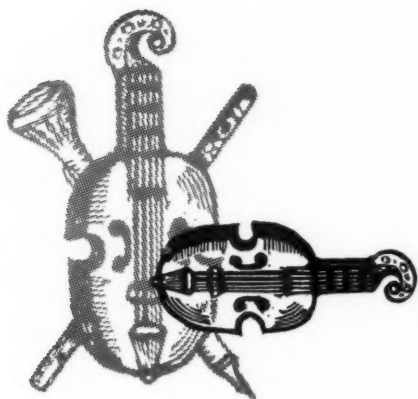
▲FROM the standpoint of price this record is a distinct bargain, for it offers not only good sound but also first-rate performances, very well thought out. Both Katin and Davis present particularly the Grieg (the Litolf is really only fluff), in an exceptionally musical manner that is a challenge to many of the higher-priced versions. —I.K.

•  
**HANDEL:** *The Royal Fireworks Music; The Water Music* (Suite); Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Edmond Appia (*Royal Fireworks*) and Felix Prohaska (*Water Music*). Vanguard Demonstration Record SRV-115, \$1.98.

(*Royal Fireworks*)  
Lehmann . . . . . D.G.G. Archive ARC-3059  
(*Water Music Suite*)  
Ormandy . . . . . Columbia ML-5417  
Sargent . . . . . Capitol G-7202  
Van Beinum . . . . . London LL-760

▲IN spite of the popularity of the *Royal Fireworks Music*, this is the only recording available here (other than Fritz Lehmann's fine Archive performance) that presents the complete score rather than Harty's arrangement. The reading by Appia is adequate but sounds rather hastily accomplished, not only with regard to some tempi but unfortunately also in respect to ensemble. Stylistically, both Appia and Lehmann miss some of the basic points, but the late German conductor's Handel was by far preferable. The *Water Music*, as it is listed on the disc itself, turns out to be the same selections which Harty arranged in his suite, and unless my ears deceive me the orchestrations used are more Harty than Handel. The playing on this side is, to put it mildly, disappointing, for the same reasons as above, only more so. At the bargain price, I suppose, one should not really expect the finest playing or interpretation. The sound is quite satisfactory. —I.K.





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## Once again, 'Acis and Galatea'

By JOHN W. BARKER

EVERY so often the patient reviewer receives a recording that he can sit back and enjoy from start to finish. Such pleasure in this case is enhanced by the knowledge that the release superbly fills a gap of long standing.

The only complete recording of this work ever issued previously was one of the first release of the valiant but now defunct Handel Society label (HDL-2, six sides [sic!]), one of Concert Hall's satellites. This set featured some fine singing by Margaret Ritchie, William Herbert, and Richard Lewis, and the general performance was nicely tailored by Walter Goehr. But the sound was quite dull and the spreading out to a third record made the set expensive. But it served its purpose until it attained unavailability. Its deletion, through the extinction of the label, need be regretted no longer, for it is herewith not merely replaced but far surpassed.

"*Acis and Galatea*" was one of Handel's most popular works during his lifetime, which therefore means that it was one of those with a long and complicated history of revivals and revisions. In 1708, during his Italian sojourn, Handel composed "*Acis, Galatea e Polifemo, a serenata*". Later in England, sometime before 1720, he composed different music to the same story. This was his first dramatic work to an English text, a concoction whipped up by John Gay incorporating lines by Dryden and Pope. Its success was such that Handel was paid the dubious contemporary compliment of having to see it pirated by rivals in unauthorized per-

formances. He himself revived and revised it in various forms, including at one juncture a combination of the Italian and English versions, each in the original language. The story of these vicissitudes is nicely hinted at by Winton Dean in his excellent album notes here, but for the full details one should consult Dean's monumental book, *Handel's Dramatic Oratorios and Masques*.

Though this work is in some respects a foreshadowing of the composer's later oratorio style, it is not a true oratorio itself. As Dean makes clear, it is really in the English tradition of the *masque*, a theatrical form perhaps best employed previously by Purcell. In one of his revivals Handel divided the work into two parts, adding a new duet and chorus in the process. This recording includes the added section ("Happy we"), but presents the work without any break. All the sections (one hesitates to say "numbers" since there seems to be no standard numerical system used for the components of the score) generally accepted as comprising the work are included, though with a few repeats reduced. Also, Polyphemus' delightful air, "O ruddier than



**HANDEL:** "*Acis and Galatea*"; Joan Sutherland (Galatea); Peter Pears (Acis); David Galliver (Damon); Owen Brannigan (Polyphemus); Thurston Dart (harpsichord); St. Anthony Singers; Philomusica of London conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. Oiseau-Lyre Stereo set SOL-60011/12, four sides, \$11.96.

the cherry", is repeated in a separate band at the end of the last side. The reason for this is an indication of the thoroughness and conscientiousness of this whole production. Though Handel's autograph score calls for a treble (or soprano) recorder in the instrumental accompaniment, there is evidence of a sound tradition going back to the composer's time of the actual use of a flageolet, or sopranino recorder, and scholars hold this latter practice to be the more authentic. (N.B. In neither case is the piccolo a justifiable substitute.) Here the piece is given in its proper place with a flageolet, and then is repeated at the end with the treble recorder. This nice idea enables direct comparison, which to my taste reveals the flageolet version as far more enjoyable and effective.

The singing here is all excellent, although the first encounter suggests to me some weaknesses that in time may seem unimportant. I think I would have preferred as Galatea Jenifer Vyvyan, whose work in "*Semele*" (OL-50098/100, an absolutely first-class Handel recording that is no longer directly available in this country) should stir fond memories in the hearts of any devotee. There is no denying that Joan Sutherland is a singer who deserves every bit of her growing fame. Yet for all the beauty of her voice and the sureness of her musicianship, I cannot help feeling that she takes her music just a bit more seriously than Handel might have intended it to be taken, and as a result she sounds a little too prim. But this is an elusively subjective feeling, and other listeners may well be justified in disagreeing.

By contrast, however, if anyone here throws himself into the fray without a grain of pretension or misplaced dignity it is Owen Brannigan. A good thing, too, for Polyphemus is a part that can be deadening if its singer does not realize that it is all a big joke. After all, how could any monster take himself seriously with a flageolet (or treble recorder, if you prefer) tweeting away behind him in his big air? At some points Brannigan's gusto comes perilously close to bellowing—language or accent aside, imagine, say,

Gino Bechi singing Handel and you might have an idea of what it could lead to—but the limits are observed, and his is perhaps the most satisfying singing in the set. Although Peter Pears no longer has a young voice, he can still produce some fine and well-handled sounds with it. Gulliver's role is relatively small, but he does well also. All in all, the singing is on a consistently high level unusual for vocal recordings, and any individual reservations on details may be readily ignored in view of the over-all excellence.

Boult might not come to mind immediately as a natural Handel conductor, but since he pops up everywhere these days doing just about everything, why not Handel too? Actually he has recorded quite a bit of the composer. One of his recent ventures in the field was a *Water Music* (Westminster XWN-18115) that is rather tame. But his *Messiah* (London, A-4403), let us not forget, is one of the best in spite of all the competition. In the Organ Concerti with Biggs on Columbia (Nos. 1-6, K2L-258 or K2S-602; Nos. 7-12, M2L-261, or M2S-604; Nos. 13-16, M2L-267 or M2S-611) his contribution was somewhat neutral, but firm and reliable. Here he is on his best level. Indeed he merits one of the highest praises that a conductor can earn: his efforts are so successful that the listener is able to forget all about Boult and enjoy Handel himself. Nor should the important element of the continuo be forgotten. The seasoned listener need not turn to the credits to know that the harpsichord is presided over by the admirable Thurston Dart. And the old Boyd Neel orchestra deserves a special commendation for their beauty of tone and clarity of ensemble.

The stereo version makes a very fine impression. The chorus (scored, by the way, for either SATTB or, as here, STTTB) profits especially from separation, but otherwise this effect is not emphasized, and there is virtually no attempt to exploit directionality with the soloists.

It is therefore my pleasure to hail this new release enthusiastically, especially in these days when there are more recordings of Handel's great vocal and choral works in limbo than there are on release lists.

**HAYDN:** *Missa Sanctae Caeciliae*; **HANDEL:** *Organ Concerto in F, Op. 4, No. 4*; Maria Stader (soprano); Marga Höffgen (alto); Richard Holm (tenor); Josef Greindl (bass); Anton Nowakowski (organ, in Haydn); Michael Schneider (organ, in Handel); Choir and Symphony Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio, conducted by Eugen Jochum. Deutsche Grammophon set LPM-18545/6, \$11.96, or Stereo SLPM-138028/9, \$13.96 (Import).

(Handel)  
Müller, Wenzinger.....Decca Archive ARC-3100  
Biggs, Boulton.....Columbia K2L-258, K2S-602

§/THE *Cäcilien-Messe in C* is the third in the usual numbering of Haydn's surviving Masses, and apparently the fifth in order of composition. In spite of its relatively early date—sometime in the early 1770s—it compares very favorably with the composer's later masterful settings of the familiar text, and is indeed his longest such setting. It is an impressive composition, blending earnest solemnity with uninhibited joyousness, determined counterpoint with operatic solo bravura. There was one good recording of it previously for Haydn Society (HSLP-2028), occupying the full four sides of the set, but this is long out of print. This new presentation is a more than adequate replacement. Of the soloists Höffgen is mediocre, and Greindl—whose singing I have never liked, I must admit—is unreliable and unsatisfying, but Holm is very good, and Stader is outstanding. Jochum has a clear uncluttered, and straightforward conception of the work, and his execution of it is admirable in all ways, save for the absence of that last iota of enthusiasm that would have given the music its fullest zest. Though a little stronger bass would have been nice, the stereo sound is excellent, with clarity and separation that are particularly effective in the choral sections. Be it noted that this DDG release is the real thing, imported directly from Germany, and not a phony American reproduction of the shoddy sort so clearly pointed out by J. D. in connection with the recent Jochum Bruckner Fifth (see January, 1960, pp. 353-6). Further topping its predecessor, this new release adds as a bonus a Handel Organ Concerto. Outstanding versions of this

attractive work, along with others of its fellows, are already available, though with differing virtues already pointed out fully by I. K. (February, 1959, p. 394). This recording stands well on its own merits, with the sound of the small, clean-toned organ being particularly satisfying. In all, a very gratifying release. —J.W.B.

**JANÁČEK:** *String Quartets, Nos. 1 and 2*; Smetana Quartet. Artia ALP-109, \$4.98.

▲THE music of this composer is cryptic, terse, almost violent. This is the result of his credo that the elements of musical speech must be concerned with the particular people of which a composer is a part. Janáček made copious notes as he listened to his friends conversing, noting their inflections in musical terms. So much for background data. What shows in the music he composed? No better illustration than the second of the quartets he wrote, subtitled "Intimate Letters" (the Artia notes translate this as "Secret Pages"). The entire work is pervaded with transient thoughts, flitting ideas, bound together by determined pronouncements, articulations, and punctuations. Technically speaking, this is obtained by changing meters, dislodged accents, and other refractive permutations. The dominating repetitive patterns are sometimes overemphasized, but such is the Janáček method. Such shifting moods, an unending kaleidoscopic flux, demand instrumentalists that play in a vocal-improvisational manner. Continuity must be arrived at by considering the speech-like intonations, and not by multi-efficiency. The latter makes the music four-square, which it is not. The Smetana foursome focus the heat and drive of the score into a sensitively distinguished performance. The same superb ordinance marks the playing of the First Quartet, inspired by Leo Tolstoy's "The Kreutzer Sonata". In no sense is there a portrayal of the story. Janáček depicts the psychological aspects of furtiveness, cruelty, and passion in the tale. The listener shares in a chamber-music drama that requires no precise thematic analysis to follow its chronology. This is, I believe, the first

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representation of the work on records. The release is a credit to Artia all around, including the superb sound. —A.C.

•  
**KHACHATURIAN:** *Piano Concerto*; Peter Katin (piano); London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Hugo Rignold. Everest LPBR-6055, or Stereo SDBR-3055, \$4.98.

Pennario, Slatkin.....Capitol @SP-8349  
⑤THIS is an extremely brilliant performance and recording. Katin handles the solo part with enormous virtuosity, if not quite with the demoniac quality of the late William Kapell (with Koussevitzky on RCA Victor LM-1006, now deleted), and Rignold gives him able support. The sound of the orchestra and piano are perhaps a little distant, but the stereo recording is nevertheless most impressive. Personally I would have preferred more body in the piano tone, which has a tendency to sound thin, and yet this characteristic is rather well suited to the music. —I.K.

•  
**LISZT:** *Piano Concerto No. 1 in E flat; Piano Concerto No. 2 in A; Legend No. 2, St. Francis de Paul Walking On the Waves; Paganini Étude No. 2 in E flat*; Tamás Väsary (piano); Bamberg Symphony Orchestra conducted by Felix Prohaska. Deutsche Grammophon LPM-18589, \$5.98, or Stereo SLPM-138055, \$6.98 (Import).

(Concerti 1 & 2)  
Entremont.

Ormandy.....Columbia ML-5389, @MS-6071  
Brendel, Gielen....Vox PL-10420, @STLP-S10420  
Katchen, Argenta....London CM-9193, @CS-6033  
Trouard, Bigot.....Odéon XOC-131

⑤VÁSÁRY is a twenty-seven-year-old Hungarian pianist. This is the first of his recordings for Deutsche Grammophon to be issued in this country. On the strength

of the present disc, one must conclude that here is a performer of great talent and enormous technical ability; in matters of agility, Väsary certainly can compete with the best of the many fleet-fingered young virtuosi, and interpretatively, too, he has much to say, although my distinct impression is that he tends to play far too much on the surface of the music without striving for deep meanings. *St. Francis*, for example, is apt to sound very empty indeed without some attempt to bring out the spiritual qualities Liszt meant to imply in his music. The strictly technical *Étude* is another story, and here, as in the more flashy sections of the *Concerti*, Väsary is most impressive. This is a pianist worth watching. —I.K.

•  
**LISZT:** *Sonata in B minor*; **WEBER:** *Sonata No. 4 in E minor, Op. 70; Invitation to the Dance, Op. 65*; Leon Fleisher (piano). Epic LC-3675, \$4.98.

(Liszt)  
Li-Min-Tchan.....Artia 125  
Anda.....Angel 35127  
(Weber: Sonata No. 4)  
H. Schnabel.....SPA 15  
(Weber: *Invitation to the Dance*)  
Badura-Skoda.....Westminster XWN-18893

▲THIS is an exceptionally fine disc. Fleisher performs the Liszt Sonata with enormous technical facility: his is an incredibly brilliant and, one might add, quite fast treatment of the difficult work, but it is nevertheless a serious and convincing approach. The Weber Sonata, rarely heard, is simply stunning here, and the popular *Invitation to the Dance* is played with both charm and verve. The sound of the piano is excellent, adding greatly to the value of this release. Recommended. —I.K.

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(Continued from page 873)

spective, but I do feel that Ludwig's approach to this particular movement represents, to some degree at least, a sublimation of its enormous and almost intolerable tensions and longings.

As for the second movement, it is hard to understand why a conductor from *Mitteleuropa* should need lessons in what a *Ländler* is, but Ludwig's most assuredly isn't. Mahler enumerated three principal tempi for this movement, so that he could refer to them by specific number:

*Tempo I*: "In the tempo of an easy-going *Ländler*. A little clumsy, and very coarse."

*Tempo II*: *Poco più mosso subito*. (Later on: "*Walzer*".)

*Tempo III*: "*Ländler*, quite slowly."

He did not employ this numerical device elsewhere, and even here the levels are not altogether fixed. The first return of "*Tempo II*" is contradictorily marked "but somewhat faster than the first time", while the mention of a waltz is not made until the transition (*poco a poco accelerando*) to the final return of *II*. Furthermore, we see that the designation "*Ländler*" occurs in regard to both *I* and *III*. What does it mean?

This is evidently a "double" dance movement whose contrasting elements are *Ländler* and waltz rhythms (country vs. city cousins, so to speak). The *Ländler* complex is set forth immediately in C major, and from time to time relaxes into the subdominant key of F major in regular classical *Trio* fashion (at *Tempo III*), with a more graceful theme, a metamorphosis of the nostalgic theme of the first movement into 3/4 time. First, however, this classical procedure is suddenly disrupted by the incursion of *II* in the clashing key of E major, and thereafter the interruptions recur in other keys more related to each other than to the original C-F axis, with the tempo becoming more intoxicating as the gyrations become wilder. The waltz complex thus accumulates gradually, as in Ravel's *La Valse*. But here it eventually subsides completely, and when *Tempo I* and the original tonic key have been re-established, a spectral coda ensues (in typical C minor-major) which is alter-

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nately haunted by wisps of both the *Ländler* and waltz themes.

The "clumsy, coarse" hard-shoe beat of the opening ("*etwas läppisch und sehr derb*") is so characteristic of recurrent elements in Mahler's several *Ländler* that perceptive comparison with the others (including the unexpectedly "sinister" one in Symphony No. 6), together with Bruno Walter's own example in the present work (in a deleted RCA-Victor set), should leave no doubt as to how it goes. Walter and Horenstein strongly differentiate the basic *Ländler* tempo from the waltz and proto-waltz elements, so that the structure outlined above becomes quite clear. Ludwig (and similarly Mitropoulos, I might add) obscure and nullify it by a *Ländler* so uncharacteristically fast that it permits no essential contrast for the intrusions of *Tempo II*, and no effective *accelerando* for the gradual transition on page 89. Horenstein's accelerating transition builds up magnificently; Walter's, not having quite so far to go, begins late; Ludwig, having essentially nowhere to go, simply ignores it until a few bars before the "*Tempo II*" rendezvous, where he

slows down and then speeds up. Kletzki, who as we have seen in regard to other composers is addicted to cuts, annihilates the structure more subtly but quite as thoroughly by taking advantage of two harmonically identical transitions to F major in order to sneak across, suavely eliminating a mere 115 bars! Kletzki ought to realize that this music, for all its bucolic appearance, is a closely reasoned symphonic argument, not an "Austrian Rhapsody".

After this, it is a pleasure or a headache, depending on how you look at it economically, to report that Ludwig's last two movements are as well performed as Walter's, in some respects not too far short of Horenstein's, and that the *Rondo-Burleske*, Mahler's most awesome contrapuntal imbroglio (third movement), is in particular so enhanced by stereo sound that *aficionados* of stereo and of that compelling side of Mahler termed (in the title of a recent book about him) "*le démoniaque*" may not be able to keep their hands off it. I leave that particular headache to such as may have joy of it. Others are urged to seek out the sublime Horenstein version in the Vox bargain reissue (packaged with the First Symphony and the *Kindertotenlieder*). We may never hear the closing *Adagissimo* passage of the finale played more beautifully than this.

I must add that the record industry's chronic confusion over the correct key-designation of certain of Mahler's symphonies continues to grow apace. The Ninth has now twice been described as being in D major, and twice in D minor, as it is here. There is more justification for the former designation insofar as its first movement is in D major and its last movement is in D flat major, D minor being only a passing manifestation in the course of the first movement. The two inner movements offer two *more* tonics: C major and A minor respectively. Schenkerian theories about one key acting as a "function" of another would nevertheless point to D major as the basic tonality; otherwise Universal Edition's original titling without *any* key-designation is preferable. In either case, D minor it manifestly is not. —J.D.

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Compiled by KURTZ MYERS

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**MENDELSSOHN:** *Piano Concerto No. 1 in G minor, Op. 25; Piano Concerto No. 2 in D minor, Op. 40;* Rudolf Serkin (piano); Philadelphia Orchestra (No. 1) and the Columbia Symphony Orchestra (No. 2) conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia ML-5456, \$4.98.

▲SERKIN performs both concerti with immense virtuosity and drive. But there is considerably more than just power to these readings, for all the lyrical passages and, of course, the respective slow movements, are executed in a wonderfully warm, romantic, and sensitive style. By far and large these are the most impressive versions of the two concerti on records, both for Serkin's masterful execution and Ormandy's skillful and expressive collaboration. The piano sound and its balance with the orchestra are realistic. —I.K.

●  
**MENDELSSOHN:** *Symphony No. 4 in A, Op. 90 ("Italian");* **WOLF:** *Italian Serenade;* **TCHAIKOVSKY:** *Capriccio Italien, Op. 45;* Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra conducted by William Steinberg. Capitol Stereo SP-8515, \$5.98.

⑧THESE are sane, sensible and satisfying performances, fully displaying the golden Pittsburgh sound. Here is the *Italian Symphony* revealed in all its exuberance, tenderness and warmth—I cannot see what more one could want. The *Italian Serenade* is, I think, more delicately wistful in its quartet form, but Steinberg's men perform with a magical transparency which is certainly effective. In contrast to the grand, splashy manner in which most conductors approach the *Capriccio*, Steinberg's rather restrained version may come as a disappointment. No lack of color here, however, and one would be hard-pressed to find better solo instrumental playing. Capitol's engineers have blended placement and depth in just the right proportions. —D.H.M.

●  
**MOZART:** *Piano Concerto No. 27 in B flat, K. 595; Piano Sonata No. 11 in A, K. 331;* Wilhelm Backhaus (piano) with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Karl Böhm. London Stereo CS-6141, \$4.98.

⑧THE texture of the concerto perform-

ance is of incredible lightness, transparency, and tenderness. The orchestral sound, especially, is so airy that it sometimes seems to be non-existent. Personally, I feel that such a quality of sound would be more appropriate to the *earlier* Mozart concerti. Nevertheless, this performance grows on you; these participants are no strangers to Mozart. Except for a slightly unsteady tempo in the first movement, the ageless Backhaus plays with the technical facility of a man half his age and the interpretative penetration of a god. The coupling is the finest performance of the A Major Sonata I have heard on records. London's recording is somewhat modest in stereo effect, but the sound is rich and clear. —D.H.M.

●  
**MOZART:** *Piano Concerto No. 20 in D minor, K. 466;* **PROKOFIEV:** *Piano Concerto No. 5 in G, Op. 55;* Sviatoslav Richter (piano); National Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Warsaw, conducted by Stanislaw Wislocki (in Mozart) and Witold Rowicki (in Prokofiev); Deutsche Grammophon LPM-18595, \$5.98, or Stereo SLPM-138075, \$6.98.

(Mozart)  
Fischer.....Angel 35593  
Haskil.....Epic LC-3163

⑧IN spite of a somewhat indifferent orchestral accompaniment, Richter's pure, slightly scaled-down, and infinitely sensitive treatment of the K. 466 must stand as one of the finest examples of Mozart playing on records. This magnificent concerto, with its enormous tragic undertone, is blown up into post-Beethoven proportions by almost every pianist; Richter by comparison actually underplays it, but in reality he gets more out of the music by so doing than most other interpreters. This is a tragedy in the Greek manner, and even the Beethoven cadenzas are suited to this approach in his playing. Within the framework he has set himself, however, the pianist utilizes endless varieties of touch and phrasing; when he plays *forte* there is no hardness, and, furthermore, it really means something! This performance beyond question is one of the most outstanding examples I have yet heard of the Soviet

pianist's unique abilities. The orchestral treatment in the Prokofiev is far better than in the Mozart, and here again Richter is extraordinarily impressive, but this time with fingers of steel and a mechanistic attack completely alien to the coupling. The recording is a little distant but quite satisfactory. Very highly recommended.

—I.K.

•  
**MOZART:** *Piano Concerto No. 22 in E flat, K. 482*; **HAYDN:** *Piano Concerto in D, Op. 21*; Joerg Demus (piano); Radio Symphony Orchestra, Berlin, conducted by Franz-Paul Decker. Deutsche Grammophon LPM-18588, \$5.98, or Stereo SLPM-138049, \$6.98 (Import).

(Mozart)

Badura-Skoda..... Westminster XWN-18661

⑤AS far as reproduction of piano sound is concerned, this recording is highly superior; the instrument together with the cleanly reproduced orchestra sounds completely natural in all registers. Demus plays these concerti with stylistic insight, sensitivity, and humor. His approach to the Mozart in particular is most reminiscent of the late Edwin Fischer's interpretation (once reissued on RCA Victor LCT-6013, but long since deleted) in not only phrasing but also touch and tempi. In both the Mozart and the excellent Haydn performance, Demus receives the finest orchestral support imaginable—accompaniments completely in keeping with his own approach. To sum up, a delightful record which may be recommended without qualification.

—I.K.

•  
**MOZART:** *Symphony No. 36 in C, K. 425, "Linz"*; *Symphony No. 31 in D, 297; Overture to "Les petits riens", K. Anh. 10 (E. 299b)*; Symphony Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio conducted by Ferdinand Leitner. Deutsche Grammophon LPM-18579, \$5.98, or Stereo SLPM-138046, \$6.98 (Import).

(No. 36)

Beecham, Royal Phil..... Columbia ML-5001

Walter, Columbia Sym..... Columbia ML-5375

Leinsdorf, London Phil. Westminster XWN-18146

(No. 31)

Paumgartner, Salzburg..... Epic LC-3215

Leinsdorf, London Phil..... Westminster XWN-18216

(*Petits riens*)

Münchinger, Stuttgart. London CS-6088, CM-9195

⑤THESE performances are lucid, perceptive, and very well-tailored, lively if not

enkindling an unusual amount of excitement. Of the seven recordings of the "Linz" currently in the catalogue (including one with the same orchestra under Jochum for DGG/Decca on DL-5902) the outstanding rivalry is in the polish of Beecham, the warmth of Walter, and the excitement (perhaps a trifle too much) of Leinsdorf. But this version provides respectable competition. For some the fact that it is in stereo may give it an added advantage. The field is clearer for the "Paris", a splendid gem that is unjustly neglected as Mozart Symphonies go. Leitner turns out a fine performance that readily bests the two current versions, especially the excessively frenetic Leinsdorf one. But the recording still most exhilarating and satisfying was Beecham's on Columbia ML-4474, unfortunately now deleted. Those who want all of the delightful *Petits riens* score will do well to get Münchinger's recording, in stereo to boot; but the Overture alone here is a fine bonus. The sound is excellent, and DDG deserves special commendation for the quietness of its surfaces.

—J.W.B.

•  
**PROKOFIEV:** *Peter and the Wolf*;

**SAINT-SAËNS:** *The Carnival of the Animals*; Michael Flanders (narrator, in Prokofiev); Hephzibah Menuhin & Abbey Simon (pianists, in Saint-Saëns); The Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Efrem Kurtz. Capitol Stereo SG-7211, \$5.98.

(Prokofiev)

Ritchard, Ormandy..... Columbia ⑥MS-6027

⑤THE justly celebrated Michael Flanders would seem to be a natural choice for Peter, and he is no disappointment. In fact, this is one of the very best recordings of Prokofiev's delightful piece on records. Flanders' commentary is not in the least mannered and is always in good taste without any of the exaggeration so common to readers who try to "talk" to the younger audience. His accent is, of course, highly cultivated, and there are a few extremely amusing departures from the normal script in the nature of characterizations: the cat speaks in a cockney dialect and grandfather fairly creaks along, just to give two examples. But everything is exceptionally well done and cannot fail

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to be entertaining to a child, and much credit must be given also to Efrem Kurtz, who conducts the score with the utmost sensitivity. *The Carnival of the Animals*, too, is carried off to perfection, including the *gaucherie* of the soloists in the section called "pianists" (most performances feature virtuoso display, but these pages are meant to be satiric). The playing of all concerned is complemented by the superior stereo reproduction. —I.K.

**RACHMANINOFF:** *Piano Concerto No. 3 in D minor*; Leonard Pennario (piano); Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Walter Susskind. Capitol Stereo SP-8524, \$5.98.

Horowitz, Reiner.....RCA Victor LM-1178  
 Cliburn, Kondrashin....RCA Victor @LSC-2355  
 Rachmaninoff, Ormandy...RCA Victor LM-2051  
 Schein; Goossens.....Kapp @KDC-6000-S  
 Janis, Munch.....RCA Victor @LSC-2237  
 Gilels, Cluytens.....Angel 35230  
 Merzhanov, Anosov.....Monitor 2012

⑧IN spite of Pennario's superior technical equipment, his Rachmaninoff is far from ideal. In the first place, the solo part is set forth in a singularly monochromatic manner, with little of the shading which the composer's rich piano writing

requires. Secondly, the recording, which is quite satisfactory as regards the orchestra, is less kind to the piano, the tone of which is rather shallow and, in those places such as the conclusion of the work where the piano writing is all in the upper register, somewhat bangy. In general the Concerto receives a capable and often exciting interpretation, but one without the warmth of Ann Schein's recent performance or the electrifying quality in the versions by Horowitz or, for that matter, Rachmaninoff himself. —I.K.

**RACHMANINOFF:** *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini, Op. 43*; **DOHN-ÁNYI:** *Variations on a Nursery Tune, Op. 25*; Julius Katchen (piano), with the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. London Stereo CS-6153, \$4.98.

⑧KATCHEN is as brilliant a pianist as is to be heard anywhere today. The ravishing performances on this disc (and in the concurrently issued C minor Concerto of Beethoven) offer scintillating proof of his artistry. Boult provides ex-

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It should be noted that the compactness of acoustic suspension speakers is not the result of compromise.

## POPULAR SCIENCE

(Robert Gorman)

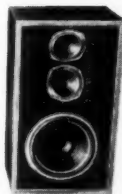
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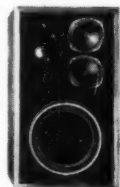


AR-1 \$185

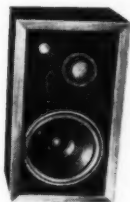
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pert collaboration in the Dohnányi, but his Rachmaninoff is dynamically too reticent and rhythmically lightweight. London's miking is a model of clarity and balance. —A.K.

●  
**SCHNABEL:** *Duodecimet; Trio*; Felix Galimir (violin); Renée Galimir Hurtig (viola); Charles P. McCracken (cello); Monod Ensemble conducted by Jacques Monod. Columbia ML-5447, \$4.98.

▲THE musical personality of Artur Schnabel was like a Jekyll-and-Hyde. As one of the great pianists of his day he performed almost exclusively the acknowledged masterworks of Beethoven, Brahms, and Schubert. As a composer he went to the other extreme. His music was of atonal sharpness, though not of twelve-tone technique. Complex rhythm and counterpoint, together with a concentration on detail and color, defined Schnabel's work to such an extent that it could only be compared to the work of Webern. However, neither the brevity nor the dismembered motility of Webern is followed. Webern placed a cloth over his musical detonations and Schnabel left them uncovered—in fact, often misdirected his aim, thus cutting down the total concentrated force.

His music demands musicians with an acute sense of fractional relationships in terms of dynamics, balances, and relationships. In every part of the twelve-instrument work (has there ever been a piece for a dozen players called a "duodecimet"?), the problems of interpretation are intricate. Schnabel has created with such detail that it can only be regarded as objective music, paradoxically composed subjectively. It is music that makes a total line by the reverse of curves, long-spun sounds; it is split (not dismembered *a la* Nono *et al.*) into the equivalents of the *Klangfarbe* so wonderfully realized by Webern, so thoughtfully prophesied by Schönberg. Each of the four movements bears a general title; each is free in form though centrally concerned with a specific temper, maintained without deviation (some diatonic implications only give flavor; the reverse twist to be sure, yet not stylistically unfitting). All the textures

are covered with the lint of superlate romanticism, the cloth woven into quasi-Schönbergian patterns by unconventional means—quite apart from the controls of the twelve-tone machine. The neat use of percussion is a lesson for the Darmstadt heirarchy. Here is the world of ictus, of color accentuation with meaning, rather than the overprotest of superattenuated use. The "Duodecimet" is music of quality, of intensity, worth repeated hearing.

The Trio is somewhat Hindemithian—it will remind many of the second string trio of that composer. Like Hindemith, Schnabel's meanings are sound and not simply a survey of sound patterns; sheer rhapsody is far from his mind. It is well played. A reviewer's life becomes invigorated with a release of this kind; the same will apply to any listener on the prowl for music that is outside the ken of the "famous fifty" pieces. —A.C.

●  
**SCHOECK:** *Ein Tagwerk: 1. Vom Lager stand ich mit dem Frühlicht auf; 2. Aber ein kleiner goldener Stern; Frühgesicht; Reisephantasie; Das Ende des Festes; Nachruf; Jugendgedenken; Pelegrina II; Auf ein Kind; Dämmerung senkte sich von oben; Ach, wie schön ist Nacht und Dämmerung; Nachklang; Höre den Rat; Venezianisches Epigramm; Jetzt rede du!*; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (baritone); Margrit Weber (piano). Deutsche Grammophon LPM-18511, \$5.98, or Stereo SLPM-138013, \$6.98 (Import).

⑧SCHOECK, who died only in 1957, was acknowledged the finest of Swiss song composers, a master in the great tradition of the lied. A onetime pupil of Max Reger, his songs show the influence of Wolf and Brahms, and through them that of Schubert and Schumann. Like his distinguished predecessors, his taste in poetry ran to the great romantic poets. Along with Goethe, Eichendorff, Uhland, Mörike, and the German translation of Hafiz, this program presents settings of C. F. Meyer and, importantly, the Swiss Gottfried Keller. *Nachruf*, with a poem by Eichendorff, is probably his best known song; it has a haunting flowing melody that

might almost have been conceived by Schumann himself. This is a sure-fire piece, and a singer could hardly fail to make an impression with it. The Keller settings, on the other hand, are elaborate and involved; it may come as a surprise to those familiar with the Keller miniatures of Brahms and Wolf to note the obscurity of these poems. The two *Ein Tagwerk* songs and *Jugendgedenken*, in Schoeck's music, are really involved. There are strong reminders of Wolf in Uhland's *Auf ein Kind*. This program is the most important representation we have had of Schoeck's work; it will serve as an excellent introduction. In all the songs he writes well for the voice; Fischer-

Dieskau knows how to make the most of them. *Jetzt rede du!*, which ends the program, has a long and romantic postlude, leaving the last word in the capable hands of Miss Weber.

—P.L.M.

**SCHUBERT:** *Symphony No. 8 in B minor* ("Unfinished"); *Symphony No. 2 in B flat*; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Karl Münchinger. London Stereo CS-6131, \$4.98.

ⓈTHESE performances have everything—admirable simplicity of organization, ravishing tonal beauty, fine dynamic power, probing depth, beguiling delicacy, and splendid reproductions. Very, very highly recommended.

—A.K.

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**SCHUBERT:** *Symphony No. 3 in D; Symphony No. 5 in B flat*; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., C. H. Capitol Stereo SG-7212, \$5.98.

(Symphony No. 5)

Walter ..... Columbia ML-5156  
Toscanini ..... RCA Victor LM-1869  
Solti ..... London ©CS-6065

SON all counts this is a splendid release. Beecham's way with Schubert has long been recognized (his pre-war Fifth was a classic), and he seems gradually to be in the process of recording all the symphonies, with only Nos. 4 and 9 left to go. The present disc is especially welcome, not only for an up-to-date recording of Beecham's Fifth but also for a really superior interpretation of the completely delightful and much less familiar Third. This is a beautifully etched performance whose one flaw (a rather slow tempo for the *Vivace Minuet*) does not diminish the value of the whole. The sound in stereo is exceptionally smooth. —I.K.

**SCHUBERT:** *Die schöne Müllerin, Op. 25; SCHUMANN: Sängers Trost; Geisternähe; An den Mond; Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen; Lieb Liebchen, leg's Händchen; Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden; Der Himmel hat eine Träne geweint; Märzveilchen; An den Sonnenschein; Ins Freie; Ernst Haefliger (tenor); Jacqueline Bonneau (piano). Deutsche Grammophon LPEM-19207/8, \$11.96, or Stereo SLPEM-136039/40, four sides, \$13.96 (Import).*

Fischer-Dieskau ..... Electrola 90038-39  
Krebs ..... Westminster 18815  
Munteanu ..... Westminster 18714  
Patzak ..... Vox PL-10830  
Schlotz ..... Odeon Skand. MOAK-1

LIKE *Die Winterreise* and Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, *Die schöne Müllerin* was conceived by Schubert in terms of the tenor voice, though almost any type of singer feels free to take it over. Of these three cycles, however, it is the one that takes least happily to transposition. The young miller, who tells us his story in the songs, is a simple soul. It is a real problem for even the best baritone interpreters to keep him from becoming too mature. As will be noted from the accompanying list, five out of the six available interpreters are tenors, and this without mention of

Ludwig and Dermota, whose recordings have been withdrawn.

Haefliger's voice in itself is hardly a remarkable one; it is a little dry in quality—reminding me of Karl Erb, though it is a younger and more attractive voice than Erb's as we know him best—and I suspect (though I cannot be sure) that it is of no more than moderate volume. But this is of little consequence. In the very first song it is evident that we are listening to a superior artist, and to the end of the cycle we are not let down. *Das Wandern* is a strophic lied with five stanzas; it is done with just the proper inflection to set each stanza off, as the young miller sings of *das Wasser, die Räder* and *die Steine*. So throughout the little drama the artist imparts new life and interest to the songs by giving each idea its proper weight and underlining the salient words. One realizes as rarely before the contrasts Schubert makes between the individual songs, and the importance of the sequence. Haefliger strengthens this impression by avoiding the usual temptation to give too much in songs like *Ungeduld* and *Mein!* He saves his climaxes for the most telling moments. *Wohin?* is quiet and reserved, with a beautiful vocal line and a steady rhythmic drive, and there is infectious eagerness in *Halt*. The artist uses his crisp diction to achieve a variety of colors in the very brief *Der Jäger*, and *Die liebe Farbe*, as he sings it, is the ultimate in dejection. Quite properly the almost too lovely *Trockne Blumen* is the top of it all, *Des Baches Wiegenlied* a soothing epilogue.

How does this performance compare with others on records? I would say its most serious rival is the earliest recording. Aksel Schlotz made the original 78 r.p.m. discs (now newly dubbed by Odeon) at least a decade and a half ago, when his voice and art were exactly what the cycle calls for. Of the other tenors, Krebs is competent but less imaginative, Munteanu tonally less attractive and Patzak unfortunately too far past his prime. As for Fischer-Dieskau, he is still a baritone, though he does his best to make us forget it in his sterling performance. Surely any lover of Schubert will have a place

for three of these sets in his collection. But if he wants the best in both performance and recording he will settle on Haefliger.

As a dividend the singer has chosen ten unhackneyed Schumann songs, and he interprets them with the same unflinching good taste and musical style. There are delightful moments, especially in *Lieb Liebchen, leg's Händchen* and the always moving *Der Himmel hat eine Träne geweint*. *Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden*, probably the finest of these lieder, is sung rather rapidly. Though it took me a while to adjust to this, I ended by feeling the singer was right. Miss Bonneau, at the piano, works beautifully with the singer.

—P.L.M.

**SCHUMANN:** *Piano Concerto in A minor, Op. 54; Introduction and Allegro Appassionato (Konzertstück for Piano and Orchestra in G), Op. 92; Novelette in F, Op. 21, No. 1; Toccata in C, Op. 7;* Sviatoslav Richter (piano); National Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Warsaw, conducted by Witold Rowicki

(in the Concerto) and Stanislaw Wislocki. Deutsche Grammophon LPM-18597, \$5.98, or Stereo SLPM-138077, \$6.98.

(Concerto)  
Lipatti, Von Karajan..... Columbia ML-4525  
Solomon, Menges.....Capitol G-7191, ⑤SG-7191  
(Novelette)  
Demus..... Westminster XWN-18723

⑤RICHTER'S previous version of the Concerto (on Monitor 206) was not altogether successful, but the newer recording is a much different performance. Here he plays with far more feeling for the romantic style of the music, and if it is perhaps a shade less well executed than the superbly realized Lipatti and Solomon interpretations, this performance is still one that must be called first-class. The pianist occasionally has a tendency to play certain sections requiring bravura much faster than seems comfortable for the music; this, plus the few passages where a lyrical line might demand more rubato, cause Richter's performances to seem sometimes more concentrated on virtuosity than sensitivity. Compare this *Toccata* with the incomparable recording by Josef Lhevinne (Camden 265, now

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regrettably deleted), and hear the difference. The *Konzertstück*, however, merits nothing but praise, for this rendition stands by itself. But the one piece that is worth hearing regardless of how Richter plays any of the other works is the *Novellet*. For me this performance alone is worth the whole price of the recording. Whereas I had a few minor criticisms in regard to an occasional lack of sensitivity in lyric passages, the counterpart of such passages in the *Novellet* are played with a quality that is simply beyond comparison in its haunting beauty. This is a truly great Schumann interpretation. The sound of the piano is quite distant in both orchestral and solo works, with considerable resonance not helping to restore any clarity in reproduction. —I.K.

•  
**SCHUMANN:** *Dichterliebe*, Op. 48; *Der Nussbaum*; *Erstes Grün*; *Jasminenstrauch*; *Der Himmel hat eine Träne geweint*; *Kommen und Scheiden*; *Requiem*; Cesare Valletti (tenor); Leo Taubman (piano). RCA Victor LM-2412, \$4.98, or Stereo LSC-2412, \$5.98.

(*Dichterliebe*)

Fischer-Dieskau, Demus.....Decca DL-9930

⑤IT is difficult to imagine a more pleasing voice than that which Valletti brings to the *Dichterliebe*. It is light, completely flexible and true to pitch. His German diction is faultless. A tenor who has made his great reputation in Italian comic opera is certainly a rarity in this field; but Valletti's singing on this record should dispel any notion that he is out of his element. I also feel that he is not as yet a genuine lieder singer, although he seems to possess all the requisite skills. This is a rather pale *Dichterliebe*. His cool, controlled handling of the first two songs made me feel that he was saving himself for the more dramatic ones—*Im Rhein, Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen*, etc. The climaxes never come. The singing remains on its even keel of smooth vocalism and holding back of dramatic impulse. I do not think that Valletti lacks the ability to penetrate to the heart of this music; listening to his beautiful, atmospheric interpretation of *Am Leuchtenden Sommermorgen* proves to me that he could produce a splendid *Dichterliebe* once he feels more ready to open up his emotions

to the music. Perhaps he fears that a more obvious display of feeling will immediately bring forth the cry of "Italian!" Taubman is no great asset. The piano is as important as the voice here; Taubman keeps everything very small-scaled and neat, never taking advantage of the great substance in his part. On the whole, this performance is completely opposite to Fischer-Dieskau's, in which the baritone over-exercises his tear glands while still managing to be reasonably convincing.

Aside from *Der Nussbaum*, the songs filling out the second side are comparative rarities. Each is worthy of frequent performance. Valletti brings a bit more personality to this group, and the same beautiful quality of voice. *Jasminenstrauch*, however, is much too sober. *Kommen und Scheiden* drags a bit. Valletti really makes *Der Himmel hat eine Träne geweint* effective by giving the line *o du mein Schmerz, du meine Lust* a little more emphasis than is generally his wont on this record. *Requiem* also becomes moving as a result of the singer's temporary abandonment of his inhibition, although the voice becomes strained. In spite of all that I have said, I genuinely enjoyed this record. It is not a major achievement; it is rather the promise of something important to come. I hope that this is not Valletti's last recording of *Dichterliebe*. A few more years of lieder plus Gerald Moore seem to be all that is required. There is a disturbing hiss in the left channel of my copy during the last two songs of side two. —H.G.

•  
**SCHUMANN:** *Kinderszenen*, Op. 15; *Carnaval*, Op. 9; *Sonata in F sharp minor*, Op. 11; *Papillons*, Op. 2; Leonard Pennario (piano). Capitol Stereo set SPBR-8480, four sides, \$11.96.

(*Kinderszenen*)

Gieseking.....

(*Carnaval*)

Rachmaninov.....Angel 35321

Rachmaninov.....RCA Camden CAL-396

⑤THE intentions of such an album, drawn from the works of the young Schumann, are altogether admirable; their fulfillment here only intermittently rises to the contrasts of whimsy and soulful ardor, delicacy and passionate drama, that fill this music. Best of these per-

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LPM-19207/8; SLP-136039/40\*

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HANDEL: **Organ Concerto in F Major**—Michael Schneider, organ; Symphony Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio; Eugen Jochum, conductor

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BERLIOZ: **La Damnation de Faust (Complete)**—Consuelo Rubio, mezzo-soprano; Richard Verreau, tenor; Michel Roux, baritone; Pierre Mollet, bass; Choeur Elizabeth Brasseur; Lamoureux Orchestra of Paris; Igor Markevitch, conductor

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formances are the first nine of the *Papillons*, in which Pennario correctly gauges the simplicity of design and feeling, but from number ten to the end the writing becomes structurally and dynamically broader while these treatments fail to expand in breadth of structural comprehension. The story with the deceptively simple *Kinderszenen*, the fervid *Sonata*, and the incomparable *Carnaval* is much the same—a limited expressive temperament, too little stylistic freedom.—A.K.

•  
**R. STRAUSS:** *Don Juan, Op. 20;*

**WAGNER:** *Siegfried Idyll;* Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Alceo Galliera. Angel Stereo S-35784, \$5.98.

§THE Strauss receives a most exciting and high-powered performance; it is a fast reading but one which makes the most of the sensual qualities in the score. The *Siegfried Idyll*, on the other hand, is done with the utmost sensitivity and delicacy. Both pieces are executed with great precision and beauty of tone by this fine orchestra, and the stereo recording, although distant, gives the impression of depth and spaciousness while preserving the clarity of individual instruments. The surface on the Wagner side of my review copy was a little noisy. —I.K.

•  
**R. STRAUSS:** "Salome"—*Closing Scene;*

**BEETHOVEN:** *Ahl Perfido, Op. 65;*

**WEBER:** "Oberon"—*Ozean! du Ungeheuer;* Inge Borkh (soprano) with Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Josef Krips. London Stereo OS-25102, \$5.98.

§BORKH is such a conscientious performer that one wishes it were possible to admire her work more often. She has such a clear voice, of such good size, that one wishes it had just a bit more color. With the gifts she has, she ordinarily makes a quite acceptable Salome, but this recording is not her best effort in this role. Much of the text does not tell, and one wants more intensity at key points. Krips is a conductor of substantial power, but "Salome" is obviously not his score. A much greater sense of urgency is needed. The bravura style that *Ahl Perfido* and *Ozean* require is not at Miss Borkh's command.—C.J.L.

**SULLIVAN:** "H. M. S. Pinafore" (complete with dialogue); D'Oyly Carte Opera Company; Gillian Knight, George Cook, Donald Adams, Thomas Round, Jeffrey Skitch, Jean Hindmarsh, John Reed, Joyce Wright, Eric Wilson-Hyde, D'Oyly Carte Opera Chorus and New Symphony Orchestra of London, conducted by Isidore Godfrey. London Stereo set OSA-1209, four sides, \$11.96.

§ONE of the minor ironies of discography has been the insistence on listing the Savoy operas under Gilbert rather than Sullivan, despite the fact that in recording they have always been given without the dialogue. For "always" read "he etofore"; with the present release a new era begins, and I am pleased by this development.

It happens, too, that this performance, unlike some that have been issued of late, has the genuine style and sound. The cast, actually, is all but anonymous, since only a list of names is given, without reference to the parts the singing actors play. And I suppose it is also a part of authenticity that the singers are vocally variable. We could do with more tone quality in Little Buttercup's voice—one remembers that the famous Buttercups of the past included Ernestine Schumann-Heink among others. Fay Templeton, who used to emerge periodically from retirement to take on the part, was short on neither voice nor bulk. This Buttercup is rather rasping in tone and none too steady. The other place where such a lack is felt is in the role of Josephine. Our heroine has some real music to sing, and this young lady is not quite equal to it. The tenor who sings Ralph is lightweight, which is fitting enough. As for the rest, Captain Corcoran sings pleasantly and with style; Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., plays his part with gusto and Dick Deadeye is properly sinister. Isidore Godfrey keeps it all together well, though I thought he could have given the singers a little more leeway in spots—the Captain's *Fair moon* is a lovely piece, really, and the singer should have a chance to spread himself a little. But this is a good "Pinafore" and its advantages outweigh whatever its rivals may offer. There is an introduction in the libretto booklet by an old G & S hand, George Baker.—P.L.M.

# Mercury returns, in stereo, to the Stravinsky 'big three'

**STRAVINSKY:** *Petrouchka*; Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra conducted by Antal Dorati. Mercury Stereo SR-90216, \$5.98.

⑧EXCEPT for some qualifications in the third tableau, Dorati's statement is to my taste the finest *Petrouchka* to date (I have not yet heard the new Monteux-Boston effort). The two outer episodes beautifully convey, in choice of dynamics and tempi and in the instrumental blending, the color, atmosphere, and excitement of the fair, enabling the portrait of the tiny and pathetic *Petrouchka* to emerge with its full poignance and intimacy. Not quite so deftly handled is *Chez le maire*. The various sonorities depicting the oafish clumsiness of the Moor, the Ballerina's sauciness, and the comedy of their *pas de deux*, are not utilized as they might have been. In this respect, Ansermet holds first honors. But the chase that ends this scene is extremely well done by Dorati. In sum, this endeavor seems to me the most effective delineation of Stravinsky's elusive classic to date. For the most part, the scoring predominating in brass and woodwinds, or in combinations including these instruments, gives little opportunity for the overly close quality in the string miking to become a negative factor in the reproduction. —A.K.

**STRAVINSKY:** *The Firebird* (complete); London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Antal Dorati. Mercury Stereo SR-90226, \$5.98.

⑧TO understand what the *Firebird* is all about, one must turn to the complete score. The ubiquitous Suite gives little more than a suggestion of the ballet's qualities. The *Firebird* has deep roots in Russian folklore. The scenario is from the people; many, many tunes in the score

come from the same source; and Fokine's choreography, though it maintains some of the fossilized gesture of the classical literature, nevertheless represents a sharp break with the style of composition practiced in Moscow and St. Petersburg at the turn of the century. It even contains (if one uses the Royal Ballet restoration of *Firebird* as evidence) a number of passages which imitate the steps of some Russian folk dances. The folk element in *Firebird* is pivotal, and yet it is often overlooked particularly by those who know only the Suite. For *Firebird* has a glittering and colorful façade of image and sound that is sophistication itself. Much of *Firebird*, actually, is folk material in fantastic Sunday dress. These thoughts come to mind as one listens to Dorati's splendid performance of the complete *Firebird*. It is every bit as colorful as Ansermet's admired rendition; and, by being exceptionally strong in attack, phrase contour, and sonority, it identifies itself with the basic material of the ballet to a degree Ansermet cannot match. It is impressively recorded except for some monitoring in the Katschei episode and at the very end. —C.J.L.

**STRAVINSKY:** *Le Sacre du printemps* (*The Rite of Spring*); Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra conducted by Antal Dorati. Mercury Stereo SR-90253, \$5.98.

Bernstein.....Columbia ©MS-6010  
Markevitch.....Angel ©S-35549

⑧THIS is a fast, very dynamic, and energetic performance which has the benefits of an exceptionally clear recording. In general, the driven quality of the interpretation makes the most of the tensions in the score but seldom allows for relaxation. The recorded sound is really spectacular, especially in the climaxes involving the percussion battery. —I.K.

## *A religio-historical pageant of old Hungary*

**I**N 1456, three years after his epic and epochal capture of Constantinople, Turkish Sultan Mehmed II, "The Conqueror", made a full-scale thrust through the central Balkans overrunning the Christian remnant of Serbia, and threatening Hungary. The key point in the line of advance became the Danubian city of Belgrade, or *Nándorfehérvár* in its Hungarian name. The city, dating back to Roman times, had passed back and forth between the respective controls of the Serbians and the Hungarians, on whose frontier it stood, and was in the hands of the latter when the Turks invested it.

To the rescue came a motley but determined army of crusaders hastily aroused by a Franciscan preacher named Friar John of Capistrano, and led by one of the greatest of Hungarian national heroes, John (or János) Hunyadi. Hungary's outstanding soldier, commander-in-chief of its armies, for a while regent of the realm, and virtual king in all but name, Hunyadi was the major Balkan leader of resistance to the Turkish advance in the 15th century. His courageous performance at Belgrade was the crowning hour of his long struggle against the invader. He succeeded in relieving the beleaguered city, and in the ensuing combat he decisively beat off the Turks, thereby deferring the tragedy of Turkish invasion until the crushing defeat at Mohács in 1526. Unfortunately for hopes of further success against the Turks, this triumph was Hunyadi's last, for he was carried off in an outbreak of plague soon after. Yet, even dead his service to his country was carried

on by his younger son, Mathias Corvinus, who, seizing the throne for himself (1458-1490), presided over the last great flowering of the Hungarian monarchy.

Out of such material has been forged this oratorio, with the emphasis even more on the religious aspect than on the national. The jacket notes tell absolutely nothing about the composer-conductor, one Gregory Aloisius (or Gergely Alajos) Tamás, save that he "is the organist choirmaster of the Franciscan Church in Buda." As to any background on the genesis of the oratorio itself, we are told only that it "was performed in one of the downtown churches in Budapest, October 22, 1956"—the very eve of the Hungarian uprising—when and where this recording was taped. Nor are the performers identified beyond the information that all the soloists are members of the State Opera.

It would be nice to report that the music does the subject justice. Indeed, to Hungarian ears the mixture of folk and old liturgical elements with a contemporary framework of watered-down Kodály and Bartók (does all modern Hungarian music sound like theirs, or do they simply reflect all modern Hungarian music?) may well be meaningful if not pleasant. But to the uninitiated, no matter how charitably disposed by the occasional moments of interest, it all seems pretty dull and bombastic. The failure to carry the story beyond the actual defeat of the Turks eliminates any suggestion of drama, and turns it into little more than a religio-historical pageant.

Nor is the performance any help. The orchestral playing is coarse, and while the chorus is quite well disciplined most of the time, the solo singing ranges from moderately good to excruciatingly painful. The recorded sound is not very good.

In spite of this adverse outlook for outsiders, however, collectors of Hungarian origin might do well to investigate this set as an interesting reminder of a glorious episode in their past. The full Hungarian text is provided, along with an English translation.

—J.W.B.

**TAMÁS:** *Nándorfehérvár, 1456*; Zsófia Czanik (soprano); Magda Tiszay (alto); Gyula Tar, Imre Bozsai (tenors); László Jánbor (baritone); Lajos Tóth (bass); Capistran Chorus, Boys' Choir and Orchestra, conducted by the composer; Catholic Records set BF-101, four sides, \$7.96 postpaid; order directly from Franciscan Fathers, P.O. Box 218, De Witt, Michigan.



**TCHAIKOVSKY:** *Suites from Swan Lake and Sleeping Beauty; Eugen Onegin—Polonaise;* Warsaw National Philharmonic conducted by Witold Rowicki. Deutsche Grammophon LPEM-19210, \$5.98, or Stereo SLPEM-136036, \$6.98 (Import).

⑧THE ONLY high standards maintained on this disc are in Deutsche Grammophon's stereo recording technique and its care in manufacturing, which produces outstandingly quiet surfaces. The less said about the recorded material the better. The orchestra, aside from its string section, is poor. The conducting is noteworthy for the selection of at least a half-dozen tempi that are, to put it as mildly as possible, impractical. —C.J.L.

**TCHAIKOVSKY:** *Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 64;* Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Josef Krips. London CS-6095, \$4.98.

Monteux, Boston Symphony. RCA Victor LSC-2239  
 ⑤KRIPS' concept sets out in a very slow, brooding manner that strongly calls to mind the now historic 78 r.p.m. Stokowski recording with the Philadelphia Orchestra. With the development of the second theme it becomes clear that this latest effort, while just as highly individual in choice of tempi and phrasing, is inclined to be less impassioned, however warmly expressive it may be, by contrast to the drama of Stokowski. The first two movements of Krips' delineation are highly engaging in a meltingly lyric way, but his enigmatic decision to take the third movement at a halting pace, and to further lighten the rhythmic and dynamic weight both here and in the finale, leave matters rather ineffectually concluded. The Vienna Philharmonic plays like the dream ensemble it is. The engineering is superb in all respects. —A.K.

**TCHAIKOVSKY:** *Symphony No. 6 in B minor, Op. 74 "Pathétique";* Czech Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Vaclav Talich. Parliament PLP-113, \$1.98.

▲TALICH'S concept is one of strong eccentricities regarding tempi, phrasing, and particularly emotional involvement,

which is by turns coolly detached and burningly intense. The engineering is ghastly, with an over-all muddiness and shrill trebles predominating. —A.K.

**VERDI:** *"Rigoletto";* Richard Tucker (Duke of Verona); Renato Capecchi (Rigoletto); Gianna d'Angelo (Gilda); Ivan Sardi (Sparafucile); Miriam Pirazzini (Maddalena); Aurora Cattelani (Giovanna); Vito Susca (Count Monterone); Giorgio Giorgetti (Marullo); Vittorio Pandano (Matteo Borsa); Guido Pasella (Count Ceprano); Anna di Stasio (Countess Ceprano); Carmen Marchi (The Duchess' Page); Eno Mucchiutti (An Usher); Chorus and Orchestra of the Teatro San Carlo, Naples, conducted by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. Columbia Stereo set M2S-901, four sides, \$11.96.

Berger, Pearce, Warren... RCA Victor LM-6021  
 Peters, Bioerling, Merrill... RCA Victor LM-6051  
 Callas, di Stefano, Gobbi... Angel 3537  
 Gueden, Del Monaco, Protti... London A-4313  
 Pagliughi, Tagliavini, Taddei... Cetra 1247

⑤THIS first stereo *"Rigoletto"* sends us back for a look at the monophonic competition. Strangely, the old favorite opera has had a checkered career on records. For all the strengths of the various versions there are balancing weaknesses. The fine work of Gobbi in the Angel version, and the remarkable things Callas does as Gilda, are offset by di Stefano below par; with the excellent combination of Pagliughi and Taddei on Cetra we have the unsatisfactory Duke of Tagliavini; with Gueden's appealing if uneven Gilda we must settle for an unleashed Del Monaco and a lightweight Protti. RCA Victor's two sets are better matched, the earlier with Berger, Pearce and Warren suffering from the rather streamlined conducting of Cellini, the latter benefiting by Perlea's strong guidance but not matching the best in the earlier vocally. Our new set fits in among the better matched performances.

Molinari-Pradelli conducts in straightforward style. If he gives us no surprises, there is little he leaves undone. Tucker, obviously the star of the occasion, pours out his lavish tones in good style if without too close identification with the character he portrays. Gianna d'Angelo has a

charming lyric voice and sings very nicely if not in a manner to make us forget Pagliughi or Berger, let alone Callas. Capecchi's voice is heavy and dark in quality; one wonders at first if he will prove equal to the higher flights of the music. This worry is soon set to rest; he has a good high A flat for the end of the *Vendetta* duet. But there is little tenderness in it all: his *Deh non parlare* does not sound easy. Sardi's Sparafucile is good, and Pirazzini has the typical Italian chestiness that goes with such a role as Maddalena. She is unfortunately afflicted with the kind of vibrato that renders her intonation uncertain.

For the most part the reproduction deserves praise, though I wish more effort had been made in such a scene as that between Rigoletto and Sparafucile in the second act to keep things more subdued and mysterious. This is decidedly flesh and blood and all in the sunlight. —P.L.M.

•  
**VERDI:** *Overtures*—"Nabucco"; "Aida"; "Giovanna D'Arco"; "I Vespri Siciliani"; "La Traviata"; "La Forza Del Destino"; Philharmonia and Royal Philharmonic Orchestras conducted by Tullio Serafin. Angel Stereo S-35676, \$5.98.

⑧SERAFIN, at eighty-two, shows not one iota less than absolute command over an orchestra, nor is there the least sign that his unique abilities as a conductor in the dramatic tradition have diminished. Of special interest in this collection of otherwise familiar fare is the introduction to "Giovanna D'Arco" ("Joan of Arc"). Part of its novelty stems from the fact that this overture uncharacteristically contains no music from the opera itself. The side of the disc featuring the Philharmonia (the first three works listed) is both better executed and better reproduced. —A.K.

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**VICTORIA:** *Officium defunctorum*; *Popule meus*; *O magnum mysterium*; *Pastores loquebantur*; Het Nederlands Kamerkoor conducted by Felix de Nobel. Angel 35668, \$4.98.

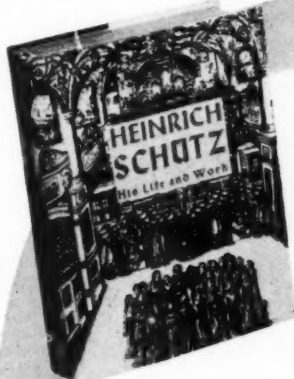
Camilucci.....Vox PL-8930

▲THE past year has brought great bene-

fits to the memory of Tomas Luis Victoria (1548-1611). A recording of his *Missa pro defunctis a 4*, dating from 1583, was issued by RCA Victor (LM- or LSC-2254), and I had the pleasure of reviewing it (ARG, February, 1959, pp. 415-6). That disc featured the Mount Angel Abbey Choir and the Portland Symphonic Choir under Zimmerman, and by the way I have since discovered that these performers appeared previously in music by Victoria and others on a disc for the obscure Educo label (4003). In my review I pointed out the confusion there had been concerning the recording of Victoria's works in this form, for Vox had some time back issued a poor recording of a so-called "*Missa pro defunctis*" which is actually a later composition—the same one presented in this new Angel release. The latter's appearance, welcome and needed as it is for its own sake, is all the more gratifying coming so soon after the Victor release, for it completes the process of filling an unfortunate gap of long standing in the catalogue. This work, in its full title, is the *Officium defunctorum sex vocibus in obitu et obsequiis Sacrae Imperatricis*, which, as stated previously, was composed in 1603 for the funeral of the Habsburg dowager Empress Maria. The composer himself conceived it as his final and crowning work: it is apparent that he composed no more after it, and it is even more apparent that it is worthy of being the glorious finale to a noble career. Whereas his earlier Requiem was in a more traditional four-voice polyphonic idiom, this later one is in a fuller, richer, more sonorous style, breathing serenity and the purest faith of a man who had attained the highest mastery of his craft in the service of his God and was confident of his ultimate reward. Most of its sections are for six voices (SSATTB); it includes two additional sections not found in the earlier work, the motet *Versa est in luctum*, and the lesson *Taedet animam meam*, the latter of which is in a simpler four-voice (SATB) style in contrast to the texture of the rest of the work. It is interesting to note that in neither of the composer's two Requiem Masses does he set the Sequence *Dies irae*: thus the serenity of Victoria's mood is not

stretched by the demands of that fearsome text, and if it is to be included in the liturgy it must remain in the original Plainchant. Both works retain Plainchant in the regular invocations, but in spite of the additions to the text in the latter

setting, the earlier one is the longer of the two. As to the performance recorded here, it fully lives up to natural expectations. From its superb work on earlier Angel, Epic, and Concert Hall recordings the eighteen-member Netherlands Chamber



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Choir has built itself an enviable reputation as one of the finest groups of its kind in the business. Few others can match the clarity, serenity, ravishing beauty of sound, and musicianship with which they sing this great Requiem, and the three lovely motets (which are respectively SATB, SATB, and SSATBB) that fill out the remainder of the second side. This is performance of the most satisfying artistry, and it goes without saying that the Vox version is superseded. The recorded sound, too, is of the highest quality. So, then, thanks to the successive efforts of Victor and now Angel, we at last have beautiful recordings of both of Victoria's two Requiem Masses. This is cause for great rejoicing among admirers of the sublime music of these early masters, and may indicate that even in the chaotic days of stereo there are constructive new enterprises in prospect.

—J.W.B.

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**VILLA-LOBOS:** *Uirapurù*; *Modinha* from *Bachianas Brasileiras* No. 1; **PROKOFIEV:** *Suite* from *Cinderella*; Stadium Symphony Orchestra of New York conducted by Leopold Stokowski. Everest LPBR-6016 or Stereo SDBR-3016, \$4.98.

⑧THE only thing wrong with this album is that there isn't more of it. This is not to say that Everest has failed to utilize available space (if anything, the opposite is true), but that Stokowski's treatments are so utterly ravishing as to leave the ear impatient for another helping (if not all) of Prokofiev's score and the remainder of the *Bachianas Brasileiras* No. 1, not to mention the other eight works in this series. For the time being, however, we must be content with the following from *Cinderella*: (1) The Fairy of Spring and the Fairy of Summer, (2) Cinderella Goes to the Ball, (3) Cinderella at the Castle, (4) Cinderella and the Prince, (5) Cinderella's Waltz—Midnight, and (6) Apotheosis—Finale. The six episodes (the fourth and sixth of which are not included in the two concert suites the composer drew from the ballet) are effective in this unfamiliar sequence.

Villa-Lobos' *Uirapurù* is very much a Brazilian *Firebird* in story line. The lush and primitive music with oriental over-

tones is based on folk material that the composer gathered in the interior of his country. On the whole, *Uirapurù* is more sound than substance, but the instrumentation—which includes "the violinophone (a violin with a horn attached) and such Latin American noisemakers as the coco, tamborim, tambur surdo and rócó-roco" to quote from Paul Affelder's excellent liner notes—is enough in itself to make it fascinating. The superbly engineered disc ends with the *Modinha* excerpted from the First *Bachianas Brasileiras*. I believe that Stokowski has slightly expanded the number of players from the prescribed eight, but the composer's whispering lyricism remains hauntingly undistorted. Needless to say, this release is very highly recommended, but should Everest choose to recouple the *Uirapurù* with a complete *B.B.* No. 1 and perhaps something else as a filler, and issue a complete recording of *Cinderella*, I wouldn't complain at all.

—A.K.

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**VIVALDI:** *Concerto in D minor for Two Oboes and Strings* (P. 302); *Concerto in G for Oboe, Bassoon, and Strings* (P. 129); *Concerto in C for Two Oboes, Two Clarinets, and Strings* (P. 73); *Concerto in C for Two Oboes, Two Clarinets, and Strings* (P. 74); Alberto Caroli & Alberto Alvarosi (oboes), Ezio Schiani & Alfio Gerbi (clarinets), Virginio Bianchi (bassoon); Gli Accademici di Milano, conducted by Piero Santi. Vox Stereo STDL-500.450, \$6.98.

(P. 74)  
Jenkins. . . . . Washington 404

⑧ASIDE from being a very enjoyable collection of Vivaldi concerti, this record will be of great interest because of the inclusion of the two works which utilize clarinets. Surely these are among the very first examples of the use of this instrument. All four concerti are well played, although without any additional ornamentation on the part of the performers, and the recording is very lifelike. If at times there seems to be a lack of refinement in both the solo instruments and the chamber orchestra, the interpretation of these delightful pieces is at least very spirited. Stereo directionality is impres-

sive, and there is a realistic feeling of depth.  
—I.K.

**VIVALDI:** *Concerto in C "For the Feast of Saint Lawrence" for Two Flutes, Two Oboes, Two Clarinets, Bassoon, Two Violins, Strings, and Continuo* (Tomo 54; Fanna XII, No. 14; P. 84); *Concerto in E for Strings and Continuo (Sinfonia)* (Tomo 161; Fanna XI, No. 18; P. 19); *Concerto in D minor for Viola d'Amore, Strings, and Continuo* (Tomo 196; Fanna II, No. 2; P. 288); *Concerto in A minor for Piccolo, Strings, and Continuo* (Tomo 152; Fanna VI, No. 9; P. 83); Samuel Baron (Flute & Piccolo); Harold Jones (Flute); Leonard Arner & Harry Smyles (Oboes); Charles Paashauss & Walter Lewis (Clarinets); Anthony Checchia (Bassoon); Felix Galimir & Leonid Bolotine (Violins); Walter Trampler (Viola d'Amore); Eugenia Earle (Harp-sichord); New York Sinfonietta conducted by Max Goberman. Library of Recorded Masterpieces, Vol. I, No. 3; \$8.50 in either Monophonic or Stereo version. (Available only on subscription from Library of Recorded Masterpieces, 150 West 82nd Street, New York 24, N.Y.).

(Concerto in C, Tomo 54)  
Pellizzari. . . . . Harmony 7096  
(Concerto in D minor, Tomo 288)  
Giuranna, I Musici. . . . . Angel 35087  
Sabatini, Virtuosi di Roma. . . . . Decca 9679  
(Concerto in A minor, Tomo 152)  
Tassinari, Musici Virtuosi di Milano. . . . . Vox DL-353  
Martiniotti, Jenkins. . . . . Period 733, @2733

⑤VOLUME 3 in this series, devoted to the complete works of Antonio Vivaldi, presents two concerti for fairly unusual instruments and two concerti for orchestra, including one (E major, Tomo 161) which, as far as I have been able to trace, is completely new to discs. The same devotion is evident in these performances as in the previous volumes—the interpretations are lively with excellent tempi throughout; the playing of the individual soloists, especially in the case of the virtuosity demanded by the viola d'amore and piccolo concerti, is on a very high level; and the packaging, which includes extensive notes plus the complete scores, is superior. The music itself is properly varied for such a collection as this and should appeal to all lovers of baroque

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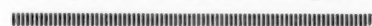
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music. The reproduction of the chamber orchestra, though a little dry, is very good, and one may look forward with eagerness to the next volume in this commendable enterprise.  
—I.K.

**WAGNER:** "*Tristan und Isolde*"—*Love Duel (Act II)*; *Liebeshod (Act III)*; Astrid Varnay (Isolde); Hertha Töpfer (Brangäne); Wolfgang Windgassen (Tristan); Bamberg Symphony conducted by Ferdinand Leitner. Deutsche Grammophon LPEM-19193, \$5.98, or Stereo SLPEM-136030, \$6.98 (Import).

⑤THIS is one of those rarely-encountered records of opera excerpts that makes dramatic sense and satisfying listening. The duet is presented in its entirety, beginning with *Isolde! Tristan! Geliebter!* (and some of its mood-setting orchestral preface), through Brangäne's warning call, to the concluding *höchste Liebeslust*. As such, it forms a genuinely excerptable

entity. Having the *Liebstd* follow this long section is a painless procedure. The performance is not without its flaws, but the over-all impression gained is one of great dramatic strength. Varnay is a thrilling Isolde. The top of her voice is very shrill; the middle and mezzo-like bottom are so richly beautiful and secure that they more than compensate for any shortcomings. Most important of all is that she is able to give an utterly convincing portrayal of the character. Windgassen is in fine voice. He still seems to be the only Tristan of any stature around. His voice is pleasing and seldom forced into shouting. His interpretation is sufficiently impassioned to make him a believable opposite to his fiery Isolde. Töpper is adequate and unexceptional as Brangäne. I wish that Leitner's conducting were up to the high level of the title-role singers. He does his job competently, without contributing any sort of personality that would make his work appear to be more than a required routine. The orchestral strings are rather weak and

screechy in tone. The reproduction on this record, as opposed to my idea of what the Decca pressing might have sounded like, completely justifies the high retail price. I wish, however, that DGG would package the records it schedules for export to the U.S. in the durable board jackets we have come to expect, rather than a flimsy envelope. —H.G.

•  
**WAGNER:** "*Rienzi*" Overture; "*Tannhäuser*" Overture; Prelude to "*Tristan and Isolde*"; Prelude to "*Parsifal*"; Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Hans Swarowsky. Parliament PLP-109, \$1.98.

▲THOUGH hardly one of Europe's best, Swarowsky turns out some pretty decent performances sometimes, as evidenced by this disc. He brings vitality and maturity to these readings. However, the engineering is a botched job. The highs are thin and distorted, and the woodwinds have the kind of bubbles in them that I have not heard on an LP for years. Even at the low price, this is no bargain.—D.H.M.

(Continued from page 877)

without finding it necessary to subdue his voice to the affected whisper utilized by Dieskau. I feel that much of the latter's singing on his record would be inaudible even in a live recital in a large living room. Prey of course sings softly at times; but the voice is always natural-sounding.

I expected trouble in what is probably the most difficult, interpretatively, of all the patently masculine-voice songs in the set, *Geselle woll'n wir uns in Kutten hüllen*. For those unfamiliar with the text, I will give a very free translation:

Comrade, let's dress up as monks,  
and leave the world to those who would  
enjoy it.

In the stillness we'll knock on every door:  
"Give something to a poor monk, for the  
love of Jesus."

—O dear Padre, come later when the bread  
is out of the oven.

O dear Padre, come again later.

For my daughter lies sick.

—Well, if she's sick let me go to her.

She must not die without absolution.

If she's sick let me attend to her.

That I may receive her final confession.

Bolt door and window; let no one disturb us.

While I receive the poor child's confession.

These words represent the one incongruous element of cynicism in the whole of the

*Italienisches Liederbuch*. The poem could, as Walker observes, be a scene from the *Decameron*. The song requires enormous gifts of characterization and this is where my previous comparison of Prey and Hotter enters. Prey has the voice, but not the dramatic gifts (or perhaps not the desire to use them) to differentiate between the words as they would be spoken (after the three introductory lines which tell us that it's all sham) by an "honest" monk and their true meaning as spoken by this unctuous lecher. Hotter (on the lamentably discontinued Angel 35057) was extremely successful, although greater vocal smoothness would have further enhanced his characterization. Kipnis gave us splendid singing and loads of unction, but the suggestiveness in his interpretation makes it too obvious from the sexual standpoint. I am, incidentally, not suggesting that the remaining songs of the set would be better in the charge of Hotter. His gifts were (and are) suited to more dramatic things and, at this stage, he could scarcely give us a convincing portrayal of a



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very young man. With the exception of this one song, *Geselle*, Prey is a master. The average is therefore one miss out of more than twenty. I doubt that any other singer of today approaching this music could equal Prey's achievement. I eagerly look forward to his forthcoming American visit, which includes an engagement at the Metropolitan and, I hope, several *Lieder* recitals.

The fact that more satisfying music than the *Italienisches Liederbuch* exists is an intellectual rather than a visceral conviction with me. As a fanatic, I can only suggest that you pay the price and be happy with the set, in spite of my reservations about Berger, whose contributions are certainly not negligible. The true stars are, however, Prey, Weissenborn, and above all Hugo Wolf.

If anyone is still interested after this lengthy panegyric, the recorded sound is excellent.



**WOLF:** *Aus dem Spanischen Liederbuch*—  
*Nun bin ich dein; Die du Gott geboren hast; Nun wandre, Maria; Führ' mich Kind; Ach, des Knaben Augen; Ach, wie lang die Seele; Herr was trägt der Boden hier; Seltsam ist Juanas Weise; Treibe nur mit Lieben Spott; Auf dem grünen Balkon; Und schläfst du; Wann du zu den Blumen gehst; Deine Mutter; Herz, verzage nicht geschwind; Ach, im Maien war's; Alle gingen, Herz; Der-einst, dereinst; Blindes Schauen; Komm', o Tod; Tief im Herzen trag' ich Pein; Da nur Leid und Leidenschaft; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (baritone); Gerald Moore (piano). Angel Stereo S-35838, \$5.98.*

⑧WHEN Fischer-Dieskau is good, he is very, very good. And this is what he is here. Recently, the noted baritone seemed to have had a phase—which I hope is a thing of the past—in which he excluded himself from any participation in what he sang; he was more an uninvolved bystander, “reporting” rather than re-creating. This did not help him to achieve what I imagine he wanted to achieve: the emergence of a song pure and pristine. Rather, the lack of interpretation made for colorless boredom. But

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all this is changed now, and once more Fischer-Dieskau sings both the religious and the secular songs from the “Spanish Song Book” gloriously. Technically there is no difficulty, nor is there any limitation musically. There isn't a comma that doesn't get its proper attention, nor a *pp* that isn't observed (and *sung*, not *crooned*), nor a phrase that doesn't come off. And, most important of all, emotionally the singer on this occasion has all the requisite fervor and devotion for the wonderful *Nun wandre, Maria* or the even more moving *Herr was trägt der Boden*; and at the other extreme he can convey all the lightness and airiness of a song like *Auf dem grünen Balkon* or provide all the necessary humor and mock-desperation for *Seltsam ist Juanas Weise*. Not a small feat! As long as singers like Fischer-Dieskau are around, the art of the lied, especially the so very delicate art of the Wolf lied, is in good hands. But even so, the unavailability of the miraculous Gerald Moore is something I hate to contemplate. —G.B.

# Adventures in Platitude Land

**A**LTHOUGH most people seem to be in agreement as to the desirability of instilling in the young a sympathetic (if not an enthusiastic) regard for "classical" music, most of us seldom give even the slightest thought to the manifold problems of those most often responsible for the child's initial musical experiences.

Let's face it: because of her own limited musical background, the average school-ma'am is ill-prepared to undertake the job of inoculating the young with the elixir of Bach, Bartók, or anyone else currently listed in Baker's "Biographical Dictionary of Music and Musi-

cians". In nine cases out of ten (not at all a preposterous percentage, if this reviewer's powers of observation are accurate), a teacher's "superior" musical knowledge represents nothing so much as the triumph of a colossal mediocrity over an ignorance born of youthful inexperience.

Thus, in what is probably an earnest effort to help the cause of "Music Appreciation" (a detestable phrase, by the way—it so often means "Music Depreciation"), we have "Adventures in Music".

I have no quarrel with the technical aspects of this album. The music is sufficiently well played and well recorded to be entirely adequate for its intended purpose. Reactions to the editor's choice of repertoire would seem to be pretty much subjective; without a doubt, this material can be of value if used well (although I wonder how many schools, even in our larger cities, are yet equipped to play stereodiscs).

However, the music here and the performances are less worthy of comment than the "Teacher's Guide" which accompanies this album. The latter strikes me as being as unpalatable a concoction as has been served up in a long time. Intelligent folk (whether musical or otherwise) will probably retch as they read it. Even those indiscriminate sponges who make up the musical chiropractic—usually

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[Contents: *Children's Dance* from "Merry Mount" Suite (Hanson); *Finale* from "William Tell" Overture (Rossini); *Dagger Dance* from "Natoma" (Herbert); *The Little Train of the Caipira* from *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 2* (Villa-Lobos); *Barcarolle* from "The Tales of Hoffmann" (Offenbach); *March, Galop* from *The Comedians* (Kabalevsky); *Fairies, Giants* from *Wand of Youth Suite No. 1* (Elgar); *Puss-in-Boots, The White Cat* from *The Sleeping Beauty* (Tchaikovsky); *Circus Music* from *The Red Pony* (Copland); *Waltz No. 1* from "Faust" (Gounod); *March of the Kitchen Utensils* from *The Wasps* (Vaughan Williams); *The Snow Is Dancing* from *Children's Corner Suite* (Debussy); *Badinerie* from *Suite No. 1* (J. S. Bach).]

**ADVENTURES IN MUSIC:** *A New Record Library for Elementary Schools, Grade 3, Volume 1.* National Symphony Orchestra conducted by Howard Mitchell. Teacher's Guide prepared by Gladys and Eleanor Tipton. RCA Victor LE-1002, \$4.98, or Stereo LES-1002, \$5.98.

The guest reviewer is on the faculties of New York University and The Horace Mann School. He is music critic of *The (Greenwich) Villager*, a commentator on the Concert Network and on New York City's municipal station WNYC, a member of the Carnegie Hall board of trustees, and chief editor of a music publishing house.

A Guest Review  
By LEONARD ALTMAN

ardent champions of almost any form of methodology—will gain from it little more than a few charming but meaningless phrases with which to adorn the well-tinselled walls of their empty minds.

Now these may seem to be unnecessarily harsh words when applied to an approach to music which, it must be admitted, is basically sound. (After all, building a child's awareness of music's moods, rhythms, melodies, forms, etc., is far from a bad thing.) But to coat one's approach with a thick layer of pure sugar (apparently convinced that young people find the learning process thoroughly distasteful?) and, even worse, to allow the sticky cup to drip its unappetizing contents over an instruction manual intended for the intelligent adult, is a revolting business, indeed.

Must a teacher be told that the *Badinerie* from the Suite in B Minor of Bach (pronounced "bahk"—"woof" to you too!) might be described in words like "happy", "light", "sparkling", and "airy", and that Rossini's father "was an important person because he was the village trumpeter. . . (his job being to) call people together for special events or announcements much as the bugler for the Boy Scouts of America. . . does today"? Do we have to read of Vaughan Williams that "while walking along the streets of the village with his mother, (he) saw a violin in a shop window. (came the inevitable question:) 'Would you like to learn the violin?! (and the surprise answer:) 'Yes'", and so on, *ad nauseam*?

Is it not possible to provide adult readers—this is for teachers, remember—with information on an unfamiliar subject without descending to unreasonable depths of idiocy? Do the editors really

find it necessary to state that "the teacher is the musical leader as the children set out on their adventure in listening"? Must platitudes ("We treasure our own discoveries") be part of a guide for those who instruct?

Now please, put away that gun and remain with me for just another few lines; I think I can explain why the Misses Tipton have perpetrated this booklet. It probably came about because the editors of the "Teacher's Guide", like many well-trained and highly professional musical persons, are painfully aware of the wide gaps in the training of those who carry the burden of musical activity in our public schools. Thus, in what is doubtless a sincere effort to lead the inexperienced teacher by the hand, they have made the mistake of treating their pupil-instructors like eight-year-olds in the grade schools of East Cupcake.

This reviewer prefers to believe that the ever-growing body of young and interested teachers, abhorring the taffy-apple approach, would really like little more than an unadorned and tastefully written musical "pony" as a guide to the history, discipline, tools, basic raw materials, and procedures of the art-science we call music. Once initiated into a terminology which will allow them to talk about the music in terms of the music itself, their own imaginations can easily supply such quantities of "dancing snowflakes" and "twinkling moonbeams" as may seem necessary for any occasion. We might just as well be honest about it: a teacher can do little more than make a huge effort to raise the level of popular taste. To help him in his task, we can do no less than to promote his respect for the materials with which he works.

*A column for collectors*  
By STEVEN SMOLIAN

THE WESTMINSTER edition of Domenico Scarlatti Sonatas for harpsichord, played by Fernando Valenti, was an admirable project while it lasted. The number of records required mitigated against the commercial acceptance and therefore against the completion of this unprecedented undertaking. When the company changed hands a few months ago, among the first things dropped from the enormous catalogue were all but the first two volumes of these Sonatas. For this the "new" Westminster really should not be blamed, for most of the famous, although by no means the only outstanding, Sonatas were on these first two discs, and only idiots like myself awaited the publication of each succeeding volume with bated billfold. Or so it would seem, for it must be concluded that not enough takers were found for the series just

arrested, halfway through, at Volume 25.

Be that as it may, I have compiled an index to this edition for those who care.

The numbers in the left-hand column refer to the Longo edition of the printed music, which means of identification was adopted by Westminster. The drawback of this system is that the numbers bear little relation to the order of composition, but rather represent editor Longo's grouping of the Sonatas into Suites. Ralph Kirkpatrick, in his book on the composer (Princeton), has placed Scarlatti's Sonatas in their proper chronology and numbered them accordingly, incorporating into his sequence the works which Longo published in his supplement with numbers 1 through 45. Kirkpatrick's numbers appear directly to the right of Longo's, followed by the key and the corresponding Westminster volume.

[illegible]

129	201	G	5	218	398	C	5	307	269	A	
130	111	G minor		219	254	C minor	20	308	237	D	10
131	428	A		220	475	E flat		309	222	A	
132	429	A		221	434	E		310	414	D	
133	211	A		222	404	A	14	311	509	D	13
134	383	A minor	12	223	532	A minor	23	312	546	G minor	19
135	212	A	6	224	135	E	11	313	353	D	18
136	61	A minor	4	225	381	E		314	511	D	
137	501	C	24	226	468	F		315	137	D	
138	109	A minor		227	543	F		316	370	E flat	
139	182	A		228	256	F	23	317	99	C minor	11
140	341	A minor	10	229	473	B flat	17	318	283	G	16
141	332	B flat		230	350	F		319	442	B flat	19
142	193	E flat		231	31	G minor	2	320	253	E flat	
143	189	B flat		232	124	G	2	321	263	E minor	4
144	311	B flat		233	103	G	23	322	305	G	9
145	272	B flat		234	390	G	21	323	215	E	4
146	497	B minor		235	315	G minor	16	324	460	C	5
147	197	B minor		236	536	A	7	325	98	E minor	
148	261	B		237	280	A		326	505	F	
149	416	D		238	208	A		327	529	B flat	5
150	409	B minor		239	188	A minor	19	328	275	F	19
151	464	C	12	240	369	A	3	329	167	F	
152	327	C	12	241	54	A minor	11	330	151	F	
153	485	C	12	242	465	C	23	331	169	G	
154	235	G		243	451	A minor	19	332	324	G	20
155	271	C	5	244	117	C	1	333	425	G	19
156	362	C minor		245	36	A minor	10	334	122	C	
157	48	C minor		246	392	B flat	9	335	55	G	9
158	58	C minor		247	361	B flat		336	93	G minor	
159	252	E flat	17	248	310	B flat	20	337	336	D	19
160	363	C minor		249	108	G minor	13	338	450	G minor	16
161	236	D	8	250	190	B flat	1	339	512	D	19
162	178	D	6	251	339	C	10	340	476	G minor	
163	176	D minor	13	252	421	C	9	341	320	A	
164	491	D	3	253	199	C		342	220	A	16
165	214	D	24	254	538	G	23	343	434	D minor	1
166	85	F	15	255	515	C	1	344	114	A	
167	542	F	24	256	247	C sharp minor	11	345	113	A	
168	77	D minor	15	257	206	E	10	346	408	B minor	
169	257	F	24	258	321	A	9	347	227	B minor	
170	349	F		259	221	A		348	244	B	
171	386	F minor	12	260	246	C sharp minor	23	349	146	G	10
172	367	F	6	261	53	D	1	350	498	B minor	
173	185	F minor	20	262	535	D	2	351	225	C	17
174	250	C	12	263	377	B minor	11	352	11	C minor	3
175	387	F minor	22	264	312	D	10	353	243	C	23
176	91	G	7	265	45	D	8	354	230	C minor	13
177	179	G minor	22	266	517	D minor	16	355	100	C	
178	258	D	17	267	52	D minor	8	356	56	C minor	10
179	152	G	12	268	224	D	6	357	40	C minor	8
180	241	G		269	333	D	13	358	95	C	
181	121	G minor	17	270	295	D minor	11	359	308	C	8
182	412	G	22	271	81	E minor	8	360	22	C minor	
183	277	D	12	272	180	G	6	361	435	D	23
184	454	G		273	216	E	8	362	92	D minor	
185	76	G minor	23	274	399	C	20	363	21	D	14
186	127	A flat		275	394	E minor	16	364	177	D	3
187	481	F minor	20	276	378	F	22	365	401	D	
188	525	F		277	510	D minor	1	366	1	D minor	17
189	184	F minor	17	278	437	F	24	367	5	D minor	13
190	130	A flat	17	279	419	F	6	368	26	A	
191	342	A	17	280	168	F	6	369	145	D	
192	313	D	18	281	239	F minor	23	370	10	D minor	
193	499	A	18	282	133	C	20	371	207	E	17
194	181	A	18	283	524	F	6	372	496	E	11
195	65	A		284	385	C	12	373	28	E	
196	503	B flat	18	285	187	G minor	10	374	15	E minor	5
197	155	B flat	22	286	427	G	21	375	20	E	5
198	296	F	16	287	494	G	12	376	147	E minor	
199	229	B flat	15	288	432	G	6	377	136	E	
200	528	B flat	22	289	424	G	20	378	3	A minor	7
201	326	C		290	477	G	14	379	7	A minor	6
202	242	C	16	291	343	A	22	380	203	E minor	17
203	474	E flat		292	457	A	6	381	438	F	4
204	105	G	1	293	537	A	20	382	69	F minor	9
205	487	C	4	294	447	F sharp minor	7	383	19	F minor	
206	490	D		295	344	A	9	384	17	F	20
207	191	D minor	21	296	128	B flat minor	21	385	445	F	7
208	397	D	4	297	274	F	7	386	35	G minor	4
209	455	G	14	298	112	B flat	25	387	14	G	22
210	299	D		299	316	F	25	388	2	G	4
211	89	D minor	11	300	131	B flat minor	7	389	375	G	
212	458	D		301	49	C	9	390	4	G minor	
213	400	D		302	372	G	21	391	39	A	14
214	223	D		303	170	C	7	392	218	A minor	22
215	120	D minor	15	304	470	G	25	393	219	A	
216	192	E flat		305	251	C	25	394	286	A	
217	73	C minor		306	345	D		395	533	A	1

396	551	B flat		431	469	F		466	264	E	6
397	16	B flat		432	41	F	3	467	233	F minor	18
398	273	B flat		433	446	F	3	468	279	A	
399	228	B flat	22	434	267	B flat	7	469	110	A minor	22
400	360	B flat	22	435	482	F		470	403	E	7
401	72	C		436	364	F minor		471	263	F minor	
402	126	C minor		437	106	F	25	472	483	F	
403	86	C		438	462	F minor		473	183	F minor	
404	548	C	25	439	255	C	12	474	107	F	19
405	157	C		440	50	F		475	519	F minor	4
406	37	C minor		441	314	G	25	476	467	F minor	
407	115	C minor	5	442	104	G		477	555	F minor	
408	521	G	12	443	356	C		478	38	F	17
409	231	C	25	444	449	G		479	6	F	7
410	174	C minor		445	153	G	13	480	365	F minor	
411	23	D		446	262	B		481	25	F sharp minor	
412	358	D		447	173	B minor		482	389	D	16
413	9	D minor	2	448	359	D	21	483	322	A	19
414	388	D	15	449	27	B minor	1	484	282	D	17
415	119	D	1	450	245	B		485	448	F sharp minor	
416	18	D minor		451	222	C	16	486	13	G	2
417	161	D	25	452	116	C minor	6	487	125	G	5
418	443	D	4	453	433	G	16	488	8	G minor	
419	484	D	3	454	309	C		489	12	G minor	
420	444	D minor	3	455	486	C		490	523	G	
421	552	D minor	23	456	526	C minor		491	456	A	
422	141	D minor	2	457	132	C	5	492	500	A	
423	32	D minor	9	458	527	C	9	493	301	A	8
424	33	D		459	270	C		494	101	A	11
425	553	D minor		460	129	C minor		495	24	A	
426	495	E		461	29	D		496	66	B flat	
427	402	E minor	8	462	417	D minor		497	544	B flat	6
428	209	A	7	463	430	D	4	498	202	B flat	
429	175	A minor	1	464	138	D minor		499	30	G minor	
430	531	E	1	465	96	D	2	500	545	B flat	1

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1	549	C		15	278	D	8	31	83	A	9
2	420	C		16	479	D		32	265	A minor	
3	513	C	9	17	540	F	18	33	382	A minor	
4	407	C	13	18	195	F		34	351	B flat	
5	329	C	9	19	297	F	8	35	248	B flat	9
6	298	D	23	20	276	F	8	36	42	B flat	18
7	34	D minor	16	21	554	F	24	37	488	B flat	12
8	480	D		22	355	F	20	38	57	B flat	7
9	287	D		23	205	F		39	441	B flat	
10	335	D	8	24	493	G		40	172	B flat	
11	415	D	7	25	522	G		41	489	B flat	17
12	516	D minor	9	26	337	G		42	550	B flat	
13	352	D	22	27	328	G	8	43	410	B flat	
				28	547	G		44	293	B minor	
				29	240	G		45	357	C	

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# Stereotape Reviews



**DEBUSSY:** *La Mer; Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune*; **RAVEL:** *Rapsodie espagnole*; L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande conducted by Ernest Ansermet. Four-Track 7½ips. Stereo Tape, London LCL-80013, \$7.95.

ⓉAS previously noted (page 181 in the November, 1958, issue), Ansermet's *La Mer* is just a bit short on spray mist for my taste. Apart from this fault, which is not aided by London's probing stereo clarity, this is a stunning tape. The excess of brightness noted on the stereodisc version is nowhere in evidence here. A superb piece of engineering. —P.C.P.

•  
**RACHMANINOFF:** *Piano Concerto No. 2 in C minor*; Peter Katin (piano); New Symphony Orchestra of London conducted by Colin Davis. Four-Track 7½ips. Stereo Tape, Richmond RCH-40002, \$4.95.

ⓉKATIN provides a fat piano tone and a performance of much ardor, lyricism, and virtuosity. In short, superb playing well suited for the music. Richmond sound seems every bit as good here as that of its parent, London. In fact, the only criticism one can level at the engineering is a slight excess of tape hiss. —P.C.P.

•  
**RIMSKY-KORSAKOV:** *Scheherazade*; Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera conducted by Mario Rossi. Four-Track 7½ips. Stereo Tape, Vanguard VTC 1620, \$7.95.

ⓉTHE most impressive thing here is Vanguard's sound. This performance has been around for some time, first as a monophonic release, then as a stereo demonstration disc; the playing is generally well-

placed but is far less exciting than the sonics. Good engineering was evident in these previous "demo disc" releases, but both seem quite pale by comparison with this tape. Marvelous stereo, clarity, and broad dynamic range all contribute to some really awesome listening. See also page 198 in the November, 1958, issue.

—P.C.P.

•  
**VILLA-LOBOS:** *The Little Train of the Caipira from Bachianas Brasileiras No. 2*; **GINASTERA:** *Estancia; Panambi (Ballet Suites)*; The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Eugene Goossens. Four-Track 7½ips. Stereo Tape, Everest T-43041, \$7.95.

ⓉTHESE previously reviewed performances (p. 184 in the November, 1959, issue and p. 242 in the December, 1959, issue), are properly colorful and vigorous. The music is well suited for the hi-fi extravaganza treatment afforded by Everest's remarkable tape engineering. The results are nerve-shattering at times, but impressive. —P.C.P.

•  
**Victor Young: Great Motion Picture Themes.** Richard Hayman and his Orchestra. Four Track 7½ips. Stereo Tape, Mercury STC-60012, \$7.95.

ⓉTWELVE themes from Victor Young's best-known pictures are represented here in lush, symphonic treatment. These studio recordings have a wide-stereo, close-in sound that is for the most part hard and steely. On my tape the two channels in either direction were out of phase, making for a ping-pong effect. Combining the channels for monophonic listening produced a harsh thin sound. Pass this one up. —L.Z.

# Folk Music

By HENRIETTA YURCHENCO

**Les Baxter:** *The Sacred Idol*. Capitol T-1293, \$3.98.

▲"BAXTER'S mastery of exotic music ... inspired by the savage splendor of the fabled Aztec Empire..." etc., are not words this reviewer would have chosen. They are in the liner notes of this recording of the sound track of the film, *The Sacred Idol*. Not in a thousand years of Aztec history could there have been as much wailing and moaning as one hears on this L.P. Bam, bam, go the cymbals; brrring, brrrrrrrrrrrr goes the harp; zing, ting, goes the triangle. They're sure to pull out this score, or a facsimile, next time they do a film on the Banishes!

—H.Y.

**Souvenirs of Spain:** Niño de Murcia and his Spanish Ensemble. Everest LPBR-5068, \$3.98.

▲THIS is a mixture of folk songs, popular ditties from several countries, and Christmas carols in lush orchestral settings complete with echo chambers and other doctoring by Everest's engineers. Niño de Murcia does a few flamenco songs. He's a capable singer who tries, but not too hard, to be commercial. His background is against him. He can't even sing a folksong without the typical flourishes, trills, and tense delivery characteristic of the genre. Still, he comes through.

—H.Y.

**Jewish Religious Songs.** Artia ALP-108, \$4.98.

▲THIS excellent release of Jewish liturgical music was recorded in the ancient synagogue of Prague. Marcel Lorand, the cantor, and the Asaph Vocal Quartet (named, by the way, after one of the original Levites appointed by King David as the Temple musicians), sing this ancient music with a simplicity of style rarely found in modern cantorial music.

It is the custom in the Reform synagogue to arrange liturgical music for huge choruses, organ, and instrumental ensembles. The use of the European musical system in the synagogue traces its origins to the Italy of the 17th century, when polyphonic singing was introduced, and to the Germany of the early 19th, when instrumental music became an integral part of religious services in the

young Reform movement. This approach has to some extent spread to the Orthodox Jews as well. Observing the ancient ban against using instruments during the service, they nevertheless admit them at other times.

This Artia record has none of the fanfare and mammoth proportions of other recordings. The cantor, an excellent singer, and the baritone (not identified), are expert with the melismatic figurations, and they sing with the passion characteristic of this literature.

Exemplary on this disc is the way the Quartet supports the singers. They join the cantor singing in unison on the final note at the end of each section, sometimes providing a simple cadence at the conclusion of the improvisation. In the cantor's richly embellished passages the Quartet merely holds a single note (organ point) throughout as harmonic support. In the *Kol Nidre*, which the notes claim is the Bohemian version, organ accompaniment is heard, as well as in the *Bi-Yesibah*, where the Quartet provides extended cadential material.

—H.Y.

**Rythmes, Soleil et Castagnettes No. 1.**

Rafael de Moncada et son Orchestre Typique. Pathé STX-118, \$5.95 (Import).

▲EXCELLENT dance music, continental-style. Smooth tangos, *pasodobles*, waltzes, mambos and other dances from the Latin dance halls, recorded in France.

—H.Y.

**Marina.** Los Españoles Orchestra and Chorus. Everest LPBR-5075, \$3.98.

▲THIS bright-sounding aggregation of Spaniards plays popular dance music from the Latin countries with folk overtones. Everest's engineers are in there pitching every blessed minute.

—H.Y.

**Harry Jackson:** *The Cowboy, His Songs, Ballads and Bragg Talk*. Folkways FH-5723, \$5.95.

▲IT is customary for a reviewer to forego criticism of a record with which he has been associated. However, my role here was a minor one of transcribing the songs in notation for the booklet furnished with the record, and also my appreciation of the album submerges my scruples.

Notwithstanding the fact that Harry Jackson holds forth alone, unaccompanied, for two records, his personality commands one's attention. Prior to these recordings he had attained a wide reputation as a sculptor and painter. His current exhibit

*Henrietta Yurchenco is the chief folk music critic. Paul Kresh and Herbert Haufrecht are her associate reviewers.*

in New York has touched off a controversy, for he has eschewed abstract painting in favor of more representational forms. His present subject matter is of the same homespun cloth as his songs—his cowboy experiences. Of this, there is the authenticity of his own life.

One can find here the old familiars such as *Old Paint*, *Strawberry Roan*, *Old Blue*, *Streets of Laredo*, *As I Went Walking One Morning for Pleasure* (*Yippie ti-yi yo*), *Jack O' Diamonds* (*Rye Whiskey*), *I'm Gonna Leave This Old Texas Now* (*The Lone Prairie*), and *Blood on the Saddle*, etc. Because his tunes are as free as the language, because there is no slicked up accompaniment, and because they sound natural, these oft-recorded songs do not seem hackneyed. And also there are included many less familiar and equally interesting songs.

As is the practice among many non-professional folk-singers, Jackson borrows a phrase from one tune and adapts it to another. Even in the course of one ballad, the melody will change considerably from the first verse to the last, almost as if he were conversing in song. Yet it would be incorrect to conclude that the tunes are formless. They follow the clichés of folk song that make them so universal and effective.

The songs cover the whole range of the cowboy's life; his daily activities, adventures, reflections, tall stories etc. Even old English ballads are found here in cowboy togs. Included in the handsomely boxed album is a booklet of annotations by Kenneth S. Goldstein. These comprise a biography of Harry Jackson, an introductory essay, a bibliography of cowboy song reference books, and comments about each individual song. There is also the music and texts of the songs. —H.H.

●  
**Funicula, Funiculi:** *Beloved Italian Melodies*. Armando Foresio and L'Orchestra di Napoli. Kapp KL-1166, \$3.98.

▲**FAMILIAR** Italian melodies, with a sprinkling of operatic selections in orchestral versions, and all as smooth and uneventful as a walk in the park by daylight. It's nostalgic, tuneful, and sentimental, and excellent background music for eating, if the menu is right. —H.Y.

●  
**The New Lost City Ramblers:** *Songs From the Depression*. Folkways FH-5264, \$5.95.

▲**HERE** Mike Seeger, John Cohen and Tom Paley have compiled an important document of one aspect of the creativity that was born during the Depression. The songs are derived from commercial recordings of that period which are listed

in an accompanying discography. Though much of the material comes from a segment of the pop field, many of the song tunes and texts stem from gospel songs, blues, Irish reels, and other country dances, etc. There are some parodies such as "Loveless C C C" which is a version of "Careless Love". The parody is the outlet most accessible and most often used to chronicle events of the day in song. The composed ballad is the other type of broadside represented here, whose author is lost in anonymity once the broad mass of people take it over as their own. A sampling of the titles will serve to reconstruct the mood of the times: *Breadline Blues*, *Franklin D. Roosevelt's Back Again*, *Taxes on the Farmer Feeds Us All*, *Old Age Pension Check*, *All I Got's Gone*.

It is to Folkways' credit to have issued this record bringing together songs from many sources. The performers having thoroughly studied the originals, present not only a facsimile but re-live an experience with the added appreciation that time brings to historical events. They are expert and versatile in their instrumental country-style playing on the fiddle, guitar, banjo, mandolin, harmonica and steel and Hawaiian guitars. Their singing is well suited to the songs which give expression to plain people with plain voices, and is sure to strike a responsive chord among those who have lived through the Depression. —H.H.

●  
**Salty Sea Chanteys:** *The Maid of Amsterdam; Away you Rio; The Drunken Sailor; The Pirate Song; Haul away, Joe; High Barbaree; Eddystone Light; Sandy Anna; Ward the Pirate; Oh, you New York gals; Blow the man down; Shenandoah; Captain Kidd; Henry Martin; Goodbye, my lover, goodbye; The Revelers; Robert Creash, (accordion); John Cali (guitar); William Versaci, flute.* Urania Stereo USD-2007, \$4.98.

⑥THE Revelers have certainly been around a long time—according to the jacket notes, since 1916. To be sure, the personnel today is not what it was when the work of the group was more familiar at least to me—where are the Meltons, the Frank Blacks of yesteryear? Where, indeed, is Wilfred Glenn, who must have been a founding member, and who was still the bass two or three years ago? Be these things as they may, the suave, urbane style of performance has come through the changing tastes of the years. So if these chanteys are less salty than the program title leads one to expect—less salty, surely, than those John Goss and his men used to give us—the audience for which they are intended will be perfectly satisfied to have them this way. One has to stretch a little to apply the word chantey to this *Pirate Song*, or to *Goodbye, my lover, goodbye*, and one might complain that though such words as "ru-i-in" and "earlye" are properly pronounced, the Rio Grande is still given according to the dictionary rather than the chantey book. But again, nobody will mind. —P.L.M.



# WORDS ONLY

By PAUL KRESH

*Parables, comedies  
and a lady. . .*

AFTER tossing on the heavy seas of Joyce, Eliot, Pound, and the complexities of 20th-century verse recently it was pleasant to put in this month at a safe harbor and bask a while in the quiet prose of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the soul-healing tales of Sholom Aleichem, the plain-sailing directness of Marc Blitzstein and nothing more tortuous by way of poetry than the orderly verses of Emily Dickinson.

In places these less turbulent waters ran deep and murky to be sure, as in the Gothic parables of Hawthorne. Let's look into them:

▼  
**Nathaniel Hawthorne—The Minister's Black Veil and Young Goodman Brown**, read by Basil Rathbone. Directed by Howard Sackler. Caedmon TC-1120. \$5.95.

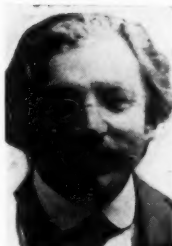
▲FOR over a hundred years now Mr. Hawthorne has been lying on the analyst's couch, and these two superb but little-read specimens of his work are still a rich source for dark diagnoses by the literary doctors. "The Minister's Black Veil" is subtitled "a parable" but this needn't necessarily cause us to throw up our hands and re-bury the story, intoning the curse-word *symbolism* as we shovel earth over. Hawthorne seemed deliberately to obscure his subtle blasphemies of the values that characterized his age under a thin patina of solemn prose. Did he actually court obscurity and dismissal by his contemporaries? The more perceptive of them were not fooled, even so. Edgar Allen Poe, although smarting under a real or imagined suspicion that Hawthorne had helped himself to elements of his own "William Wilson" in one tale, paid tribute to his rival in a fine essay. While he condemned the writer as a man of more "perseverance" than "genius", Poe praised "The Minister's Black Veil" as "a masterly composition," and shrewdly surprised its author at his trick of hiding his purposes from the unwary reader.

Poe called the story's "defect" that "to the rabble its exquisite skill will be *caviare*" (spelled like that). "The obvious meaning of this article," said Poe, "will be found to smother its insinuated one. The moral put into the mouth of the dying minister will be supposed to convey the true import of the narrative; and that a crime of dark dye. . . has been committed, is a point which only minds congenial to that of the author will perceive." Hawthorne had based the tale, concerned with the life of a certain New England minister who one day appears in public in a black veil and never takes it off again, on an actual incident that occurred in Maine, where the clergyman did have a crime to atone for. But whether he meant to imply remorse for a real crime, or just for some kind of original sin, as is hinted at in so much of his work, is still up to the reader, despite Poe's flat pronouncement on the matter. In any case, Hawthorne got the most from the theme, turning the motif this way and that to catch a hundred lights, spinning out suspense and hints of meanings like sparks from a flint struck again and again against stone. Mr. Rathbone reads it well—even brilliantly—considering the artifices of rhetoric in which the writer always allowed his heroines to indulge in place of real dialogue, and the minor masterpiece on the other side he reads even better. The story this time is "Young Goodman Brown", and here again we are able to turn to a peer of the author among his contemporaries for a sound if worshipful evaluation. In a memorable essay on Hawthorne, Herman Melville wrote: "Who in the name of thunder would anticipate any marvel in a piece called 'Young Goodman Brown'? You would of course suppose it was a simple little tale, intended as a supplement to 'Goody Two Shoes'. Whereas, it is deep as Dante; nor can you finish it, without addressing the author in his own words—'it is yours to penetrate, in every bosom, the deep mystery of sin.'" Mr. Rathbone wrings

the most from the tale, as it mounts from the everyday to the atmospheric to the downright weird. We are indeed in the woods with bewildered Goodman Brown as the reader's voice echoes his questions to the stranger who has accosted him there, and who later proves to be the Fiend himself. As the story proceeds to its grandiose climax, it is as though a great hand were tearing aside the veil of propriety to disclose every detail in the topography of the hidden corruption beneath Puritanism's expressionless façade. For a moment the consciously musty Mr. Hawthorne has let us glimpse his true face, too, and his moral purpose. Mr. Rathbone's voice, compelling and cleverly controlled, now whispering, now austere, now ringing and *forte*, increases our awareness of the horror. It was perhaps unfair to follow the recording with a book text, which revealed a number of cuts made in both stories, mostly innocuous, but the disc also was tested on a willing friend by ear alone and pronounced thoroughly understandable.

•  
**Howard Da Silva: An Evening With Sholom Aleichem.** Recorded by David B. Hancock. Monitor MR-106. \$4.98.

▲AFTER the treacherous depths of Hawthorne, it was a holiday to hear the Sholom Aleichem album. It must be made clear at once that we are not being handed still another version of "The World of Sholom Aleichem". These are other tales, read with charm and tremendous humanity by actor Da Silva. In fact, one of them isn't by Sholom Aleichem at all, but by two admirers named Bernardi and Pine, whose "Food My Mother Fed Me" is really too much of a vaudeville routine to have merited inclusion here. The first side contains the heartiest humor and is sure-fire. It includes the story of a beggar from Sholom Aleichem's home town who went to Paris to sow confusion in the life of Rothschild; the report of one Berl Isaac on his visit to America, where the Woolworth Building rose so high that his cheek brushed the moon when he turned his head, and that sweet classic "The Fiddle", read with admirable finesse and enhanced by some properly atmospheric real fiddle music composed by Serge Hovey. On side two is the catalogue of the food on mother's table which the author didn't write and never would have, a tearjerker entitled "Tevya The Dairyman" and, to rescue the last part, a masterly essay on the alleged joys of third-class travel. Mr. Da Silva is helped rather than hindered (as is usually the case) by the responses of an appreciative live audience whose laughter is heard but not too loudly. Let



Sholom Aleichem  
 (an old snapshot)

those who will fret and bite their nails over the so-called "stereotypes" of Eastern Europe as depicted in these stories. Sholom Aleichem's portraits have a validity of their own and they breathe with life, warmth and charm as the carefully contrived propaganda images which please the hand-wingers never can. While the self-appointed guardians of the Jewish "image" continue to worry themselves into states of humorless anguish, the characters in these tales will go right on delighting their admirers and will probably not contribute to nor alleviate anti-Semitism by a single jot. Sholom Aleichem wanted his monument to be "selecting one of my stories and reading it aloud in whatever language people understand best." The present disc is for the most part a worthy addition to that monument, and to lessen the bewilderment of the uninitiated over Yiddish expressions still delivered in the original, Monitor obligingly has printed a "glossary of Yiddish terms" with the program notes.

•  
**Marc Blitzstein Discusses His Theatre**

**Compositions:** *The Cradle Will Rock*, *Regina*, and *No For An Answer*. Featuring Brenda Lewis, Roddy McDowall, Jane Connell, George Gaynes, Alvin Epstein, Joshua Shelley. Spoken Arts 717. \$5.95.

▲THE listener may grow impatient with it after the first few hearings, but the real highlight of this generous package, re-released on Spoken Arts after a first entry on another label, is Mr. Blitzstein's engaging account of the amazing events that led up to the production of "*The Cradle Will Rock*" in the thirties, with the actors urged on by Orson Welles finally getting up in various parts of the audience to perform their stunts instead of from the stage as originally planned. The story is more suspenseful than any book of fiction with the theater as its milieu and many an unsuspected protagonist, such as Archibald MacLeish, was embroiled in this struggle to let a political satire be seen by the public in depression-worn New York. After the build-up, the numbers from the production hold up pretty

well, performed with plenty of vigor by Evelyn Lear, Roddy McDowall, Jane Connell, and Alvin Epstein. Mr. Blitzstein has a refreshing way with a song. He ignores the usual rigid patterns to fashion flexible tunes which enhance but do not overwhelm the witty messages of the lyrics. Their most disarming ingredient is a trenchant, outrageous humor that can be bitter but never offensive. The song in this album where the sycophantic artists implore art patron Mrs. Mister to ask them "again and again" to her plush week-end parties is a glorious case in point. When Mr. Blitzstein starts to talk pompously and pretentiously about the making of his opera "*Regina*", though, he reveals that he can also be a muddle-headed bore. Brenda Lewis sings "Birdie's Aria" after that. It is one of the most moving and genuinely musical passages in that uneven work, but Miss Lewis is not the girl for it: she was much more convincing as the vixen of the piece. Her handling of Birdie's sentiments is not winsome nor pathetic enough, for all the excellence of her voice. There are some high spots in the excerpts out of "*No For An Answer*", especially the song called "Penny Candy", but other sections, what with the dogged need of the dramatist of the thirties to be earthy if he had to bury himself alive doing it, sound sticky and spurious. "My hands get awful rough from the laundry," Francie intones, in that special stage voice that seems to be a contract requirement for ingenue recitations between the numbers in musicals, down to this very day.

Joshua Shelley makes a great "Bulge" just the same, and George Gaynes does plenty of justice to "Penny Candy" and "Francie". On the whole, the record is lots of good, clean, social-conscious fun, some of it still relevant in our time, and there are band markings so you can skip the talk when the ear grows weary of the "me-me-me-and-then-I-wrote" refrain that seems an unavoidable element whenever showmen are allowed near a microphone to descant on their adventures during the long climb.

•  
**The Poems of Emily Dickinson.** Read by Nancy Wickwire. Original Music composed by Don Feldman. Spoken Arts 761, \$5.95.

▲RECORDED under excellent studio conditions by Jerry Newman, this record has the liveliest sound of any Spoken Arts record heard to date—and it is also the biggest disappointment of the month. Miss Wickwire reads the finely wrought Dickinson lyrics, delicate as petals yet sturdy as spun steel, in a voice suitable only for the Ladies' Garden Club. Half the time her saccharine inflections make the poems sound like matinee recipes coming over some ghastly network show that will never pause for a station break. A fine actress has surely come a cropper here. Dozens of lyrics fall to this vocal butchery, and to add to the listener's pain is Mr. Feldman's music, a sort of tinkly cocktail-hour accompaniment that seldom leaves the background. The whole effect is close to unbearable. Will someone please try again with Emily Dickinson?

## 'The School for Wives'

A Guest Review  
 By STEPHEN POTTER

MOLIÈRE'S indestructible comedy-inverse, "The School for Wives", was written in 1662, and it is probably no coincidence that this was the year the forty-year-old playwright entered into a wretched marriage with a teen-age actress. Arnolphe, the troubled protagonist, is the same age as his creator, and the object of his bungling determination, Agnès, the virginal and insulated beauty, is a *jeune fille* many years his junior. Inevitably, of course, the young innocent winds up, in a triumph of Nature, in the more vigorous arms of the youthful Hector.

This presentation by Louis Jouvet and his meticulous troupe is a masterpiece of

class, timing, and taste. Recorded in March, 1951 during a performance at the Colonial Theatre in Boston only weeks before Jouvet's death, it should stir pangs of nostalgia among those privileged who beheld the wizardry of these performers during their American tour. The album was awarded the *Grand Prix du Disque*, a distinction which seems at times to be distributed as loosely as the motion-picture palms at Venice but is, in this case, richly merited.

The rhythms, the buoyance of Molière's delicate satire are sustained with effortless dexterity by each of the performers. Jouvet's seething vigor in the role of



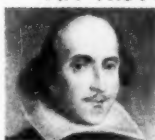
Arnolphe is multi-dimensional. If we regret our inability, as mere listeners, to witness the delicious "business" in the balcony and the ladder episodes in the later acts, we are compensated by the remarkable "close-up" we are afforded of Jouvett's voice—one should say, his voices. Arnolphe's gaspings, his nervous coughs, his cacklings and wheezings are more than mere burlesque devices. Jouvett's very respiration is a controlled instrument he uses to catalyze the poetry of Molière.

It is a delightfully cocksure and pompous Arnolphe that is painted in the opening act when he believes he is about to take Agnès. Has he not supervised her education so that she knows nothing but "to pray to God, to love me, to sew and to spin"? In her extreme innocence has she not asked if children are brought into the world "*par l'oreille*"? There follows shortly the discovery that Agnès has been exposed to Hector's visual charms, and the seething begins. Arnolphe's belated efforts to tutor his desired in the constrictions of a sound marriage—his rules fall narrowly short of requiring a chastity-belt, his aborted attempts to foil the assignation with his rival, his ultimate cajoling and groveling in a last effort to stir affection in his sweet ward's hardened heart—these are satirical portraits of a creature in mounting despair that manage to be simultaneously moving and riotous.

Dominique Blanchard as Agnès, the naive victim of burgeoning emotions, is wistful and exquisitely brainless-voiced. Her enforced reading of the Maxims of Marriage with painful difficulty, little amazements and a growing exhaustion, is a *tour de force*. Jean Richard as Horace, her stimulator, is properly youthful and eager to an almost painful degree. Leo Lapara as Chrysalde is a portrait of cool reason as Arnolphe's level-headed friend. Cuckoldism, he advises, is only what you care to make of it. Monique Mélinand and Fernand René in the roles of maid and valet are highly

**MOLIÈRE:** "*L'école des Femmes*", A Five-Act Play in Verse, interpreted by Louis Jouvett and his Company (in French). Pathé set PCX-5003/5, six sides, \$17.85 (Import).

## AN HISTORIC PROJECT



# The Complete Works of SHAKESPEARE

Recorded by the Marlowe Society under the auspices of the British Council.

*Already issued:* Julius Caesar; Richard II; As You Like It; The Sonnets; Macbeth; Two Gentlemen Of Verona; A Lover's Complaint; Troilus And Cressida; Othello; Coriolanus; The Merchant Of Venice; Measure For Measure; King John; Romeo And Juliet.

Remaining works scheduled for future release.



539 W. 25TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

amusing. The valet equates philandering with a foreign thumb introduced into the master's *potage* in an explanation of jealousy, on a level familiar to the maid, that is a gem of broad buffoonery.

The voices, though they speak with crisp rapidity, are blessed throughout with classical French clarity, and the American listener with a working knowledge of the language will miss little. While there is enough coughing during the first act to make one suspect a flu epidemic in Boston, this distraction abates in the later records. The recording is flawless and it gains in impact and illusion by the capturing of the live audience response. Happy musical interludes surround each act and serve to bolster the moods of Molière's sage comedy.

The album is a sumptuous one and a generous souvenir book contains the complete play including Jouvett's own stage directions, a series of handsome photographs of the production, pictures of Jouvett in several of his other stage roles, a brief note on Molière written by Jouvett as well as tributes (to Jouvett) by Jean Giraudoux and others.



# THE MONTH'S JAZZ

*The responsibility for this column is divided between Martin Williams and Joe Goldberg.*

## **The Art Tatum Discoveries.** 20th Fox 3029, \$3.98.

▲THIS comes billed as the "other" Tatum who reputedly played so differently in private before the right audience. He is the same Tatum, only more so. Admired for his pianistic technique by concert musicians who somehow have no ears for the melodic improvising of a jazzman like Lester Young, Tatum is condemned by some jazz critics for poor taste in repertory, in developmental patterns, and for substituting arpeggios and other embellishments for invention. Here, there is a fluttering *Danny Boy* that one can only hope is humorously intended, but a pole away is a *Tenderly* that superbly shows the towering harmonic imagination that was his, and a beautifully developed and paced and harmonically altered *Willow Weep For Me*. Finally, there is a *Too Marvelous For Words* that will convince you that Tatum knew everything that could be discovered in jazz about the limits of European harmony and even atonality. It may be the best Tatum we have, and almost the only Tatum that projects feeling—indeed almost a joyful abandon. —M.W.

## **Sonny Stitt Sits in with the Oscar Peterson Trio.** Verve MG-V-8344, \$4.98.

▲STITT is the kind of saxophonist who is at his best when possessed by the kind of musical fancy that has him playing chorus after chorus in a *tour de force* of fluency. I have never heard that Sonny Stitt on records before, but four of the eight tracks on this LP (*Scrapple From The Apple, Au Privave, I'll Remember April, and East Does It*) capture it. Peterson's piano is as energetically glib as usual. —M.W.

## **Teddy Wilson: Mr. Wilson and Mr. Gershwin.** Columbia CL-1318, \$4.98.

▲IF the kind of taste usually referred to as impeccable were all that were needed, Teddy Wilson, whose style is to be found in diluted form in every cocktail lounge in the land, would be the world's best piano player. But this music, engaging and charming though it is, reveals its entire content at once. If one could tell why this is true of Wilson, and why, for in-

stance, the quiet, seemingly-cocktail Modern Jazz Quartet reveals further nuances on a tenth hearing, a beginning might be made at defining the qualities of the few jazzmen who are artists.

This album, while containing some of Gershwin's best music, is marred by applause (in the recording studio, yet) and a mood-music programming that places all the up-tempos on one side and all the ballads on the other. Perhaps those are the reasons why Mr. Wilson's Columbia recording of *Gypsy*, containing material inferior to this, is more enjoyable. —J.G.

## **Annie Ross: A Gasser.** World Pacific WP-1285, \$4.98.

▲IN answer to a question that has never been asked me, but is likely to turn up in a jazz magazine poll someday, I would say that if the Lambert-Hendricks-Ross Singers were on fire I would save Annie Ross. All of the talents that are so wasted in that group—her range, swing, acting ability, and precise articulation at incredible tempos—are here turned to peaceful use. The result, an album of good standards that have not been done to death, on which Miss Ross receives light, pleasant accompaniment from a West Coast group featuring Zoot Sims, is one of the best vocal albums in quite a while. —J.G.

## **John Coltrane: Giant Steps.** Atlantic 1311, \$4.98.

▲COLTRANE'S new album is as much an announcement of a new authority, and therefore a new phase of creation, as Sonny Rollins' *Work Time* was. Coltrane has definite theories of music, and, as Nat Hentoff quotes him on the liner notes, he is able to be quite articulate about them, but they do not restrict him, as theories so often do. They seem rather to free him for a new spontaneity. Those two words—spontaneity and authority—are the keys to this album. The rhythm section of Tommy Flanagan, Paul Chambers, and Art Taylor provide the best possible backing, empathetic to Coltrane and each other. (Wynton Kelley and Jimmy Cobb, who replace Flanagan and Taylor on one selection, are just as good.) The compositions, all Coltrane originals, have a

songfulness that has emerged only intermittently in his work before this. It is, quite simply, a powerful, swinging statement by an important musician, that keeps its solid foundation hidden behind its initial excitement. —J.G.

■  
**Freddie Redd Quartet:** *The Music From "Connection."* Blue Note 4027, \$4.98.

▲THIS is not the place to discuss the play from which this music comes, but I will say, briefly, that it represents one of the most promising debuts by an American playwright in years, even though the play is much less spectacular than it is given credit for, being basically a kind of "Time of Your Life" with the same old Saroyan people using narcotics instead of liquor. The music has a definite place in the production, and fulfills it excellently. Altoist Jackie McLean (along with bassist Michael Mattos and Larry Ritchie, drummer, a member of the Freddie Redd Quartet that performs in the play and on this record) reveals himself as a very interesting, natural young actor.

The music, when divorced from the play, is representative of the very best of funky, hard-swinging New York jazz. The fact that the musicians have played this music together for so long undoubtedly has contributed to the success of this album. All of the music—it was composed by Freddie Redd—is interesting, the most immediately engaging tune, one that I hope is recorded by other groups, being *Music Forever*.

This album might possibly become some sort of cultural landmark, representing as it does the most complete use of jazz in the theater to date. But, even with those considerations aside, the fact that it contains some of Jackie McLean's best work makes it worth having. —J.G.

●  
**Art Pepper:** *Modern Jazz Classics.* Contemporary M-3568, \$4.98.

▲AN album like this, on which Art Pepper, backed by an eleven-man orchestra with arrangements by Marty Paich, plays some of the finest of modern jazz originals, contains in its idea, while possessing definite merit on its own terms, the seeds of what must always be at least a partial failure.

The best jazz compositions (the outstanding example among those included in this album would be "Round Midnight") contain a homogeneity of approach that encompasses composition, arrangement, and soloist, so that the sound of the group playing is as much a part of the music as anything else. On compositions of which this is true (Monk's "Round Midnight," John Lewis' "Django," any number of Ellington pieces, and even the classically sparse sound of the Charlie Parker quin-

tets), even the finest performance by another group must come in second best. For this reason, the performances on this album (with the exception of *Four Brothers*, which is almost a literal transcription of the original—perhaps these musicians feel the greatest affinity to Giuffrè) are successful in inverse proportion to the cohesiveness of the original.

But, on its own terms, this is very good, clean arranging for a medium-sized group, and Art Pepper is a fine improviser on all three instruments he plays (tenor, alto and clarinet), being most strong and original, and therefore, I think, most important, on clarinet.

In interviews, Pepper and Paich have compared their affinity to the one that exists between Miles Davis and Gil Evans. To say that they are not in that league is not meant as an insult. Few musicians are. —J.G.

■  
**Jelly Roll Morton:** *Jelly Roll Morton Plays and Sings.* Riverside 12-133, \$4.98.

**Jelly Roll Morton:** *The King of New Orleans Jazz.* Victor LPM-1649, \$3.98.

▲IF I were to say I don't know much about Jelly Roll Morton but I know what I like, I would be very close to the truth. These two records, taken together, simply support the clearly- and often-expressed views of Martin Williams. Morton as entertainer, playing and singing as on the first record, is funny, florid, excessive and charming. But Morton the composer-arranger, on the Victor record, is one of the most important, emotionally satisfying jazz musicians we have had. One could say about these recordings the same thing that André Hodeir once said of a Miles Davis-Gil Evans record: "I don't have enough room to point out all the beauties I have discovered while listening over and over to the orchestration of these . . . little concertos. . ." It will have to be sufficient to mention *Cannonball Blues*, with its constantly shifting orchestral makeup—instrument against instrument, soloist over section, section over soloist, rhythmic shifts and polyphony all organically and inevitably proceeding from one another to just the dangerous edge of completeness without overflowing, forming a deeply satisfying musical whole in whose enjoyment nostalgia plays no part. —J.G.

●  
**Charlie Parker:** *Historical Recording, Vol. 2.* Le Jazz Cool JC 102, \$5.98.

▲IN this case I wish to evade all the responsibilities of a reviewer, and simply serve notice that the second in this series of invaluable recordings (the first of which was reviewed in the February issue) is now available. I have already written much too much about Parker. —J.G.

# SOUND IDEAS

An Equipment Review

By LARRY ZIDE

## Citation II 120-Watt Power Amplifier Kit

I COULD see that Harman-Kardon had taken many pains to avoid producing just another kit. All hardware is mounted in plastic sleeves on two cards. Resistors are neatly laid out in cardboard holders that can be folded for dispensing. The bulk of the amplifier's wiring is pre-assembled by the kit builder on a harness jig, thus making for tight control of lead dress and length. (See illustrations.)

The actual construction of the kit is performed in stages. The power supply is first assembled into a sub chassis. Next the wiring harness is formed. Most of the resistors and condensers are, as the illustrations show, mounted onto special terminal boards. At this stage of construction, the boards are partially pre-wired before proceeding to the assembly of the main chassis itself.

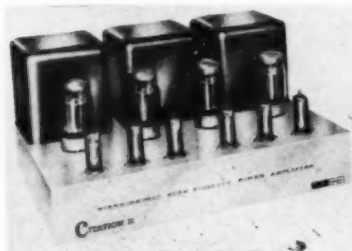
The kit was, even for me, a joy to build. Every detail is beautifully worked out, and nothing is left to chance. Even so small a detail as different screw sizes was not overlooked. Each size screw has a different color finish for positive identification, should they accidentally get mixed up. I took about 10½ hours to complete the amplifier. I could find no quarrel with the instruction manual, nor with the large

illustrations provided. Since the Citation is a quite expensive kit which had been preceded by much fanfare both as a kit and as a finished product, I was unusually "picky" in looking for points of criticism. As a kit (or finished) I simply can find none. The Citation is a complex amplifier, but I believe that even the kit neophyte, with a bit of care and strict adherence to the instructions, can build this amp without running into trouble.

In building this kit I was rather careless about a few wire clippings. As a consequence a wire snip fell into one of the bias control pots. It was finally located with the help of the H-K technical staff, but not before it had ruined two output tubes. The lesson to be learned here: When clipping wires in the chassis be sure to get *all* the snips out. It's easiest if you keep track as you snip.

Once the loose piece of wire came out, it was possible to put the amplifier through its performance paces. I connected the amp to my main system, which contains what I believe to be some of the finest components available. Almost immediately the Citation's qualities were evident. Reproduction was flawless, with an ease (lack of strain) that was a delight. My speakers

CITATION II  
STEREO 120-WATT POWER AMPLIFIER



Power Output: 60 watts per channel  
Peak Power: 130 watts per channel  
Distortion:

Harmonic: Less than 0.5%; 20-20,000 cps at 60 watts;  
Less than 0.1%; 20-20,000 cps at 20 watts

Intermodulation: Less than 0.5% at 60 watts; Less than 0.2% at 20 watts

Frequency Response: 60 watts—18 to 40,000 cps + 0 -1 db;  
20 watts—12 to 60,000 cps + 0 -1 db; 1 watt—2 to 80,000 cps + 0 -1 db

Output Impedance: 4, 8, 16 ohms per channel

Feedback: Total 30 db, achieved through multiple loops

Hum and Noise: Better than 90 db below 60 watts

Sensitivity: 1.5 volt RMS input for 60 watts

Controls: Four bias adjust pots; two AC balance controls

Tubes: 6-12BY7A; 4-KT88; 4 silicon rectifiers; 1 selenium

rectifier

Power consumption: 350 watts

Dimensions: 16½" wide x 9" high x 11½" deep

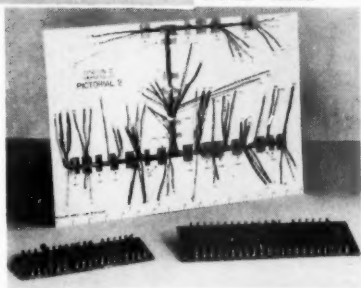
Weight: 60 lbs.

Price: kit: \$159.95; factory-wired: \$229.95



This is the way the Citation II kit looked just after unpacking. Shown below are the wiring harness and terminal boards.

(AR-3s) are power-hungry things that make large demands on an amplifier's power capacities. No matter how hard I pushed the Citation, it never lost its strain-free qualities. I have never before been able to stand the volumes to which I was able to push this amp. Other amps, and good ones, began to strain at the levels at which the Citation seemed to be still loafing. It is difficult to pinpoint the reasons for this performance. Certainly sheer power has something to do with it, but there are other high-power amplifiers which, in A-B comparison, simply don't match the Citation, especially at high power levels. Distortion measurements do not give the answer, either. Although the IM and harmonic distortion figures of the Citation are beautiful, (and laboratory examination showed them to be conservative) there are amplifiers as good or better in this respect. I expect that a combination of factors are involved. Certainly the exceptional distortion, frequency response well above and below audible requirements, and high power are involved, but I feel that less easily definable factors such as transient response, square wave response, and phase shift control are involved. Theory aside, the Citation does provide superb, well-controlled bass response, with no tubbiness. With either dynamic or electrostatic speakers there was no tendency to break up or distort in the upper frequencies. This amplifier's



qualities are most evident at high power levels, but at normal listening levels it was more of a truly silent partner than anything I have yet heard. For all practical purposes, hiss and hum were inaudible.

However, there *are* problems in installation. For one thing it is quite heavy (on the order of sixty pounds), so that it requires a substantial support. For another, the amplifier runs very hot. Anything less than free ventilation will, I fear, severely shorten tube life. Anyone who has ever had to replace KT-88 tubes in an amplifier knows that their cost is high. It is a feature of the Citation that it does not require matched output tubes since the individual bias pots and built-in test meter make it possible to readily adjust for tube aging. Still, it would be advisable to install the amplifier in an open location.

In the quest for high fidelity, manufacturers seems to have taken off on two roads. Most (and the regular Harman-

Kardon line falls into this category) have chosen the path of good quality merchandise designed to fit a price category. Only a handful of manufacturers have really attempted to build the best possible instruments, almost without regard to cost. (I say *almost*, because it would be foolish to believe that H-K could not build a better amplifier at perhaps double the price.) What I do consider remarkable, in the case of the Citation, is the fact that this unit is available as a kit, with the attendant saving, without any sacrifice in quality.

All conclusions drawn in this article are based solely on the kit I built.

It is safe to say that the Citation II amplifier is not in any way inferior to *any* amplifier currently on the market. It should be borne in mind that this amplifier's superiority over several other very fine (and in some cases, less expensive) amplifiers is one of subtle degree. I have pointed out many times here that the best costs a good deal more than the *nearly* best. The Citation is expensive, but it is also the best.

### University Sphericon Tweeter, Model T-202

UNIVERSITY is one of the giants of the speaker industry. For more years than there has been high fidelity, University has been building speakers of high quality. Of late it seemed that this company's emphasis was being placed on its industrial line, while its high-fidelity division rested on earlier laurels. The Sphericon tweeter will, I think, do much to return University to its former place among America's leading high-fidelity speaker manufacturers.

The Sphericon is designed to reproduce frequencies above 3,000 cycles. So that it must be used with a woofer-midrange cap-

able of extending cleanly to this frequency. University provided me with a crossover and switch so that I could test the Sphericon against my reference and other tweeters. It is testimony to the smoothness and low distortion of the Sphericon that only direct A-B comparison with my reference was able to show differences. These differences were, in essence, those of transient response. My reference seemed a shade more transparent and crisp, but otherwise the two tweeters could not be distinguished. I would certainly rate this tweeter as high as or higher than any electrostatic unit I have yet heard. (My reference is not an electrostatic).

The phenolic dome of the tweeter dispersed its sound very well. I could detect little high-frequency loss at virtually a right angle to the unit. The Sphericon adapts well to most woofer-midrange units regardless of their efficiency. The tweeter is of high efficiency itself; in combination with its built-in high pass filter and level control it should match easily with most low-frequency speakers. Woofers that taper off in response above 3,000 cycles will need no external crossover for use with the Sphericon.

The Sphericon would be a bargain at twice its cost. It is, to my ears at least, very nearly as fine a tweeter as can be had at any price. I have noted many times here, to be sure, that speaker choice can be a very personal thing. Let me therefore say in conclusion that the prospective tweeter purchaser should not fail to hear the Sphericon.



UNIVERSITY SPHERICON SUPER TWEETER,  
MODEL T-202

Frequency Range: 3,000-22,000  $\pm$  2 db; 40,000 cps withing 10 db  
Crossover: 3,000 cycles; network built in  
Sensitivity: 93 dba at 4 ft. with 1 watt input  
Power rating: 30 watts integrated program material, in multi speaker system.  
Impedance 8 ohms; for use in 4- to 16-ohm systems \*  
Dispersion: 120° in all planes  
Price: \$24.95

# Unlikely Corners

**WHY NOT LOOK** below the surface occasionally and find out what it is in the direct appeal of the popular tune which makes the audience go home whistling; to see if there is not some artistic impulse hidden in unlikely corners. . .

—Ralph Vaughan Williams

**THEY** still occasionally devote albums to composers, not always to their benefit. But at least they provide a modicum of often belated attention. In *I'm in the Mood for Love* (M-G-M E-3837) Joni James is joined by her customary complement of 100 strings to sing a dozen songs with music by Jimmy McHugh. Among them are such as *Let's Get Lost*, *I'm in the Mood for Love*, *Don't Blame Me*, *Where Are You?*, *A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening*, and other contributions to films, revues, and shows. Since he has worked mostly in Hollywood, McHugh is pretty much an anonymous figure, but his songs have enjoyed a widespread popularity. It is too bad that Miss James is not really equipped to do them full justice, what with her wavering pitch, wayward enunciation, and other vocal vagaries—but on the other hand never does she utterly destroy the songs, as do most of today's singers. The tempos seem right, and the accompaniments are wonderfully lush and romantic, which is also right for these melodies. The selection is quite good. I do miss such songs as *Lost in a Fog*, *I Feel a Song Comin' On*, and *I'd Know You Anywhere*, but this is quibbling. Altogether the album is a fine tribute to Jimmy McHugh, a fine songwriter.

Another composer, not so unsung as Jimmy McHugh, is represented in *The Golden Dozen* (Columbia CL-1462), which surveys the work of Jule Styne. Ever since I grew up I've quit comparing the work of one composer with that of another; and I've also stopped tune detecting—finding two notes in a song by A in a song by B. So I won't compare McHugh and Styne. Actually, what Columbia has done here is combined a dozen single records to make an LP, and it is a good one. I've always preferred, for example, Tony Bennett's singing of *Just in Time* over that of the members of the cast of "Bells Are Ringing". Inevitably, there are songs from "Gypsy"—not by cast

members but by such assorted types as the Kirby Stone Four (*Everything's Coming up Roses*), Johnny Mathis (*Small World*), and The Four Lads (*Together*). Mathis also does a fine unfairly neglected song, *A Ride on a Rainbow* from the television production of "Ruggles Of Red Gap". Carol Channing contributes *Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend*; Harry James, *It's a Long, Long Time*; Doris Day, *It's Magic*, and so on. I've never been able to cozy up to *Three Coins in the Fountain*, but that's included, too. Obviously they didn't make the album for me; if they had, Mr. Styne's *Love Is a Merry-Go-Round* would have been included. Or *What Makes the Sun Set?*, *The Things We Did Last Summer*, and *Kiss Me Hello, Baby*. The album will be a good "pop" item, for most the songs are done in accepted style. I would have liked less mannered interpretations all the way.

The same Mr. Styne supplies the title song for *It's Been a Long Long Time* (© Everest SDBR-1088), which conjures up memories of the war years. Terri Stevens, accompanied by an orchestra led by LeRoy Holmes, presents *When You're a Long, Long Way From Home*, *I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen*, *I'll Be Seeing You*, *I'll Walk Alone*, and other nostalgia-producing songs. All are well sung by Miss Stevens; I suppose there are some ex-G.I.'s who might find this full of memories.

An ill-advised project has been preserved in *Let Me Entertain You* (Columbia CL-1461), in which Sandra Church—of "Gypsy"; this is *really* Jule Styne month—tries to give an entire album burlesque treatment, in keeping with her portrayal in the show. Miss Church has a fine young voice, but two sides of an LP are too much of a good thing. The liner notes state: "Only a full-time curmudgeon could fail to respond to Miss Church's rousing invitations." So all right, I'm a full-time curmudgeon. Some collectors of Kern might be interested in knowing that Miss Church does a couple of his early songs,



*How'd You Like to Spoon With Me?* and *Wild Rose*, but their innocence hardly goes with Miss Church's rousing invitations. Once a curmudgeon, always a cur, suh. Maybe they really took their cue from another song in "Gypsy"—*You Gotta Have a Gimmick*.

I found myself more entranced with the conventional though altogether lovely singing of Anna Maria Albergheggi in **Warm and Willing** (Capitol ©ST-1379), an album in which she sings, along with her customary Italian songs, such popular numbers as *In the Still of the Night*, and *How's Your Romance* (both by Porter, the latter a rarity), and some Jimmy McHugh songs with lyrics by Dorothy Fields: *Porgy, I'm in the Mood for Love* and *Cuban Love Song*. With the help of Nelson Riddle, Miss Albergheggi does an interesting rendition of Harold Arlen's and Ted Koehler's *I've Got the World on a String*. It's a pleasure to hear songs sung straightforwardly.

In **Movin' on Broadway** (Capitol ©ST-1374), by way of contrast, Kay Starr treats a dozen recent Broadway songs to her own special kind of singing. The idea, I suppose, was to make 'em swing, not square like in the show, man. I don't dig.

On the other hand, in **Afro Can-Can** (Liberty 3137) a number of musical numbers from the Cole Porter musical are given a Latin treatment by Jack Costanzo and band. Mr. Costanzo is a bongo player, and a good one, and while the Porter songs are not at all treated in the traditional Broadway style, they are very interesting as done in this album. Besides, also included are *Snake Dance* and *The Inch Worm* from *The Garden of Eden* ballet, which is amusing and deft. I particularly enjoyed the acrid and yet romantic interpretation of one of Porter's most interesting songs, *I Am in Love*.

In **Della By Starlight** (RCA Victor LPM-2204) Della Reese strikes me as less affected than usual, though her too-careful, mannered diction is disquieting (her "t's" seem completely unnatural—and unmusical). However, her album is comprised of some very good songs in beautiful, romantic arrangements by Glenn Osser, who is also on hand to conduct. Some of the better contents are the old Rodgers and Hart song, *He Was too Good to Me*, Brown and Fain's *That Old Feeling*, and DeLange and Van Heusen's *Deep in a Dream*. But I would have been happier with happier interpretations.

According to the title of his latest album **Elvis Is Back!** (RCA Victor LPM-2231). Who needs him? Certainly not Frank Sinatra. Still, I think the pompadoured master comes off better on this album than he did on that Sinatra television debacle. He does a very effective *Fever*, for example.

Well, now he's out of the Army; he's done his bit, and in these few lines, so have I.

One of the best male singers I've heard in a long time is Gene McDaniels, who may be heard on **In Times Like These** (Liberty 3146). He may stray sometimes in the direction of mere affectation, betraying an infatuation with the sound of his own voice—but it is indeed a fine voice: rich, warm, and romantic (*that* word again). I must say that I thoroughly enjoyed his singing of *The Sound of Music*, which is a pretty good song; he also does well with *It Might as Well Be Spring*, *Love Is Here to Stay* and *Like Someone in Love*. Let us have much more of Mr. McDaniel's singing.

Broadway has had it tough this year, what with the strike and, musically, the run of flops. One of the biggest was **Christine** (Columbia OL-5520), which starred Maureen O'Hara of the flickers and had music by Sammy Fain and lyrics by Paul Francis Webster, and a book by Pearl Buck. Fain and Webster supplied an attractive score and Miss O'Hara sang it charmingly, as did the other vocal members of the cast, among them Morley Meredith, Nancy Andrews and Janet Pavek. But this musical about an Irish lady in India didn't make it at all. The record may prove more entertaining than the complete production, and is worth exploring before you decide that its quick Broadway death automatically placed it beyond your interest. It isn't particularly exciting, but there are moments of musical loveliness. Then, too, there are times when you can almost sense the ineptness that may have led to the show's downfall. Anyway, it has been recorded and it is worth some attention.

No such fate awaited *Bye Bye Birdie* (Columbia KOL-5510), a sleeper with an unknown cast by little-known people (excepting Gower Champion, whose staging of the show seems to have been a major reason for its impact). The music by Charles Strouse and the lyrics by Lee Adams are deceptive: they really exploit what they pretend to parody. Since it comes off so well, there is no reason to "fault" them, as *The New Yorker* would say. There is some very good singing by Chita Rivera, although the musical point of the show is devoted to satirizing the rock-and-roll craze. The songs are just about adequate, if not particularly inspired. The orchestrations by Robert Ginzler do a lot for them, and one, *Baby Talk to Me*, stirs up quite a lot of excitement. The album is an excellent souvenir of the show; unfortunately, none of the dialogue by Kay Medford is heard here, and she seems to be one of the show's major assets. —E.J.



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